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Blossoms from a New Field



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BLOSSOMS FROM A
NEW FIELD

BLOSSOMS FROM A NEW FIELD

BY
ABBIE WALKER GOULD



MOLINE, ILLINOIS:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
1900

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TO
MY MOTHER,
IN THE INVISIBLE ;

TO
EUGENIE COWAN,
IN THE VISIBLE,

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME WITH TRUE
APPRECIATION AND LOVE.

To My Patrons
With my best wishes
Yours in loving service
Abbie Walker Gould

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE CHAIN OF THE YEAR.

SPRING.

WAKE UP, little flowers, wake up !
The blue-jay swings in the trees,
The maple buds swell,
And down in the dell
The Elk-king sports in the breeze !
The Fairy Queen whispers to each little fay,
Wake up, little people ; Spring's on the way.
Do you hear that rustle, bustle,
In that under-world below ?
They have felt a touch of brightness,
And a form of fairy lightness
Bade them upward start and grow ;
And the grass and clover bloom
Bursting from Earth's chilly tomb—
How the Springtime brings sweet pleasures !
And how lavish is her measure,
On the mountain, in the field ;
And she touches with her beauty,
And makes life a sacred duty,
And the promise of the year
Gives us joy, when Spring is near.



SUMMER.

Roses, roses, in their sweetness,
Climbing, scenting all the air,
And the dew of morning rests—
Flashing from each perfumed breast ;
Bees are humming, wood-birds drumming,
And the trout in shady pool
From the angler who would tempt him
Glides away to grottoes cool.
Dreamy days of Love's revealing,
No more of her wealth concealing,
With her haunts of sun and shade ;
To the lover, and the maid,
How she brings the smiles, and blushes,
Tender words, and quiet "hushes,"
Glances from a love divine,
Cheering hearts as purest wine,
Until vows from lip to heart,
Speak the words, "No more to part."



AUTUMN.

I hear the chirp of the cricket,
I hear the pipe of the quail,
The grasshopper swings on the faded grass,
And lazily on, the honey-bees pass ;
The dropping of nuts catch the squirrel's eye,
And he hastens on to the trees near by,
His treasure found to deftly stow,

Before shall come the days of snow.

On the hills, how the sumachs burn,

Asters and golden-rod nod by the brooks,

Autumn the sight does fairly earn,

To touch with her wand, the vales and nooks ;

Kiss with her breeze the rustling corn,

Apple and peach blush like the morn ;

Into the garner with love and cheer,

Gifts for the farmer—" Harvest Home " near.

Haze on the mountain, frost in the sky,

Birds are calling to mates,

Away, away, to the Southland we fly,

Where Summer and sunshine waits.

The clover bloom is sinking to sleep,

The daisies no more their " tryst " may keep,

They have told their tale, they have had their day,

And now they whisper their " farewell " lay.



WINTER.

Close the shutters, shut the door,

Hear the wind down the chimney roar,

How the hurrying snowflakes fly,

Dark and threatening is the sky ;

Cattle huddled near the barn,

Watch the coming Winter storm ;

Frost and ice with fetters strong

Bind the brooklet's merry song.

Pile high the logs on the hearth-stone,

Watch the flames dance high,
 Setting free the beams of the sun,
 Stored away when the world begun,
 To sport again in the sky ;
 Gather round the festal board,
 Enjoy to the full of the season's hoard ;
 Spring, with its promise, is all fulfilled
 Summer performed what she had willed,
 Autumn brought forth his vintage and cheer
 To gladden the heart, when winter is near :
 So do we praise the Father above—
Who hath made the Seasons to reveal His love.

ACROSTIC.

CHISELING out of the uncut stone
 Hearts that beat, and forms that breathe,
 Awakening life that had almost flown,
 Rousing to sunshine souls that grieve ;
 Lifting the standard of honor high,
 Ever pointing to stars in the sky,
 So do kind deeds around him wreath.

He may not see the lilies bloom,
 May not know of the open tomb,
 Angel-like he has rolled the stone,
 Carried his cross often alone ;
 Kept the path and proved the way,
 Awaited the light that came each day.
 Years will prove and bring him his own.

UNREST.

I watched the ocean as the tide
Receded from the land,
And soft sea-mosses and tinted shells
Lay on the salt wet sand.
The boats lay stranded near the shore,
But out upon the wave
I saw the ships like white-winged birds
By ocean billows laved.

The sun in myriad globes of light
The crested billows kissed,
And where the sky and waters meet,
Crept up a golden mist.
All nature seemed attuned to love,
The earth a dream of heaven,
And much I wonder if that scene
In discord could be riven.

I watched ; a distant rumbling peal,
A flash of blinding light,
And battle clouds of direst gloom
Rose up to greet my sight.
The sea-birds yelled, the winds blew fast,
The gusts of salted foam
Were driven by incoming tide,
And ocean's sadd'ning moan

Fell on my ear as wave on wave
Seemed lifted to the sky,
And crash and roar from demons doomed
Shut out the vault on high ;
The boats were broken from their hold
And wrecked upon the sand,
And desolation all around
Swept o'er the beauteous land.

How like to life that ocean scene,—
Today so calmly bright,
That not a single cloud is seen
Between us and the light.
We send our freighted ships afar
Nor give a thought of care,
But they to us will swift return
And many treasures bear.

But ere the haven sought is reached,
The sky, by fate o'ercast,
Has hurled its demons of unrest
To sweep with biting blast,
Perhaps the toil of many years,
Perhaps our fairest hope,
And leave us with our darkened fears
With destiny to cope.

But o'er the gloom, behind the clouds,
Still shines supreme the sun,
The great creator of all life,

Since first the years begun.
And so the soul a symbol sees
Of Him who rules above,
Life's ocean may be strewn with wrecks,
God's golden sands are love.

WEAVING.

IN and out, in and out,
With the clack of the busy loom,
Bobbin and spindle whirling about
From daylight into the gloom.
Weaving the threads of a thousand dyes
Colors of earth and colors of skies,
Twisted and torn and beaten so fine,
Warp and wool do closely entwine,
Until the pattern, perfect and whole,
The master of looms does proudly unroll.

In and out, in and out,
With the whirl of the wheels of time,
Hand and feet, head and heart,
Weave the web sublime.
Threads of silver, threads of gold,
Sorrows unspoken, joys untold,
Tearing the fibre of heart and brain,
Weaving in threads of sadness and pain,
Until the pattern, royal and grand,
Greets your eyes from an angel's hand.

"CUI BONO."

INTO this world, with its hurry and bustle,
Its achievements most grand, its fame and renown ;
We all claim a footing, and tug here and tussle,
For our share of glory, our part in life's crown.
And while it is noble to strive for the highest,
And ne'er to grow faint, though fortune may frown,
It's the mark of a coward, and treason most dire,
If, building your house, you pull others down.

No matter how plain the style of your dwelling,
No matter how poor its timbers may seem ;
If, as a true builder, your bosom is swelling
With hopes beyond sight, as yet in a dream ;
You'll feel independent in pride of possessing,
Though life be obscure, or filled with renown,
But days that pass on will bring you no blessing,
If, building your house, you pull others down.

There are many that build without a foundation,
Who never have sought one plan of their own,
But have watched other minds of high or low station,
Then scattered their work ; then each stick and stone
Have gathered and claimed as truly their portion,
And built into shape though conscience might frown ;
But the great Master builder who guards o'er each
nation,
When building His home, will pull their houses down.

GIVE.

GIVE, if but a wee blossom,
Give, if but a sweet smile,
Give, if a sigh from your bosom,
'Twill be chased with a joy "afterwhile."
Give of a thought that is helpful,
Give, of a touch of your hand
You may not know of a pitfall
That leads into dark "Shadow-Land."

Give for the Master has blessed you,
Full in your basket and store ;
Give, or no future will rest you,
With glimpses of some fairy shore ;
Give, as rays of God's sunshine,
Strong fruit will come from your seed ;
Give, in the measure of lifetime,
And reap every act, every deed.

Give, and the Angels of Heaven
Will bring the "returns" unto you ;
Give and the power of leaven
Will bring your true work into view.
Give, and the world will remember,
When under the daisies you lie,
That though it be May or December,
With you it is summer for aye.

ATLANTIS.

IN the silent ocean waters, deep, deep down,
Where mermaids dwell,
Where the Sea-King with his maidens
Sets to music each fair shell ;
Where the coral branches lifted,
With rare colors light the caves,
Ever sleeps the fabled city,—
Far beneath the salt sea-waves.

Plato sang of its famed beauty,
Such as none of earth now know,
Of its palaces and castles,
Pure as light and fair as snow ;
Of its wise men and its poets,
Of its men and women grand,
Yet how silent are the sleeping,
In that far off fabled land.

In its prime and in its grandeur,
Helped by more than mortal power,
It forgot the test of duty,
In one fated evil hour,
Granted was the gifts demanded,
But the mighty hand of fate
Sunk beneath the ocean waters
That once grand and strong estate.

Often from the fabled city,
It is said the gems flash bright,
And the spirits of those buried
Hie them through the halls of night,
And it may be that, repentant,
Some day from the rocks and caves,
With a majesty undreamed of,
It shall rise from ocean waves.

SEQUEL TO ATLANTIS.

REFRAIN.

LOST Atlantis, sad Atlantis,
Thou comest in dreams to me ;
As the moan of a shell,
As the tone of a bell,
That falls on your ear from the sea.
Out of the past, so fabled and eld,
Out of the past, where your ruins are held,
Out of the past, whose heat time has quelled,
Again from the mists, are you free.

Lost Atlantis, grand Atlantis,
Where sunbeams never fall ;
Beneath the sea waves,
In deep coral caves,
The Gnomes in bower and hall,
Play with a tress of the sea-maid's hair,
Bow to the sea-elf, who holds sway there,

Beauty and love, are seen everywhere,
Where the sea-star's shadows fall.

Lost Atlantis, sad Atlantis,
What do you speak of the past ?

White are the bones,
Whiter than stones,
Of heroes in the waves cast ;
Never to see the eye of the sun,
Never to see the willed deed done,
Never again to be smiled upon
But lost to the present and past.

Bold Atlantis, brave Atlantis,
What was the power you sought ?

To wrest from the sky
The powers on high,
By the terrible force of thought ?
It came, with the lightning's flash and roar,
It came, with the steady river's pour,
It came, till you sunk to rise no more
On the face of land or sea.

Lost Atlantis, dream Atlantis,
Do you dwell among the stars ?

In the milky way,
In the moonlight ray,
Do you weep for your stains and scars ?
I cannot tell, the dream goes by ;
I cannot tell, the dawn is nigh ;
I cannot tell, but in yonder sky
All mystery God unbars.

COULD YOU ? WOULD YOU ?

IF the world seemed dark and wrong
Could your soul sing Love's sweet song ?

Could you ? would you ?

If the way through frost and snow,
Saw not where the roses blow,

In the thorn-paths sad to go,
Would you ? could you ?

If of friends dear to your heart,
Could you smile if love depart ?

Could you ? would you ?

If at Duty's clarion call,
Hopes must from your holding fall,
Could you drop those blossoms all ?

Would you ? could you ?

If you wished for royal name,
Could you burn to ash that flame ?

Could you ? would you ?

If the mortal called for power,
That on self its deeds might shower,
Could you watch with Him one hour ?

Would you ? could you ?

When your dreams come back fulfilled,
Could you hold with wisdom skilled ?

Could you ? would you ?

When the Master with life's wine
Whispers, " Drink, all mine is thine,"
Would your soul with truth entwine ?
Would you ? could you ?

COUNTRY REST PICTURE.

SOFTLY and low swings the grasses and ferns,
Chatter of wood-birds fall on my ear,
Murmuring onward through copsewoods and burn,
The pebbly brooklet ripples good cheer.
I watch the white butterflies flit o'er the grass,
Just going wherever they please,
And I wish that mankind, in spirit-led free,
Could learn of them all more natural to be
And each one could live at their ease.

And away from the din of work and of toil,
Feeling the beat of the great mother heart,
Drinking new life from gifts of the soil,
Watching the working of some mystic part.
Oh ! how the pulses beat with new power,
Oh ! how the life forces deepen and grow,
Giving new dreaming and meaning each hour,
Pouring the spirit in baptismal shower
That only a free man can know.

WINTER'S FAREWELL.

GOOD bye, dear Earth, with beauty drest,
I've pressed you fondly to my breast,
A bridal-veil my gem-king weaves,
Where soon will come your shining leaves ;
I've kissed with frost each shrub and tree,
And jewelled you where all can see,
And though I bid you now farewell,
No king or queen can weave my spell.

I hear the whispers of the flowers,
"Get out Ice King, the world is 'ours,
We wish our streams to sing and dance,
We're waiting for our Sun God's glance ;
You held us fast down here below,
We seek the light, we want to grow,
And cover all your bare paths over
With bloom of dandelion and clover."

Good bye, dear Earth, with bluest skies,
I leave you with the cat bird's cries,
With robin calling to his mate,
"Come, dearest, we've no time to wait,"
'Tis nesting time, 'mid verdant leaves
Our cozy home your prudence weaves,
And we will laugh at Winter's powers —
He's had his day — the world is ours.

Farewell ! farewell ! to Northern seas,
Where I can bluster, blow, and freeze.
Where ships of ice float at my will,
Where all is cold, and dead and still ;
I hasten on, no more we meet,
I hear the coming of Spring's feet ;
But when your bosom bare I view
I'll hasten back to comfort you.

WISDOM.

IT matters not what others tell,
God gives to all for common Good,
Each draws his own, from Love's deep well,
And Soul and Body finds its food.
There is no time for sighs and tears,
No time for folly, or for fears.
Your duty, child, lies by the way,
Just live it out, from day to day.

To slights or scorn give no reply,
Just pass such troubled shadows by ;
With sunny heart and merry voice
Bid friend and foe alike rejoice,
And as you sow the seeds of Good,
Again you'll reap for life and food,
And prove the lesson each must learn,
The tide that's out will sure return.

AIMS.

NOT glory at the cannon's mouth,
Not death upon the sea,
Not laurel wreaths of worldly worth,
Nor marks of high degree,
Not plaudits of a public pen,
Nor lavish use of gold,
Will ever to the souls of men
One lofty aim unfold.

We speak ; the echo comes not back.
We act ; the world is cold.
We give, and yet in measure lack,
We strive ; the days grow old.
Upon the rainbow arch of years,
Howe'er the colors burn,
Through peace or strife, through smiles or tears,
We have, just what we earn.

An angel's wing may brush our hearth,
Though men know not our face,
Our name, on roll of higher birth,
In lines of gold may trace.
A light not seen on sea or shore
May linger o'er our way,
And glories of an Eden pour
On each supernal day.

But we must watch the Star of Truth,
Must fold the dove of Love,
Must keep the Charity of Youth
To feed the fires above ;
In “ blood of heart must bathe the feet ”
In meekness bear earth’s cross,
No matter then, what earthly aims
Our souls record no loss.

“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

SOFTLY the moonbeams silver the west,
The fragrance from roses are falling,
The birds in the trees, each seeking his nest,
To their mates in love notes are calling ;
The crickets chirp low, in the dew covered grass,
The flowers bend low on their stems,
And over the world again shall there pass
The slumber that cometh to men.

Then sleep, brother, sleep, let go every care,
Break away from the fetters of clay,
Float on soft fleecy clouds of ambient air,
Let angels bear you away.
Let starry eyed houris fan you to sleep,
Steep with fragrance of lotus your soul,
And then let the world sigh, laugh or weep
Its beating your heart will control.

LIBERTY.

CALL man free,
When brothers starve,
When red-hand Rapine
Wields a sword?
When chains are on
The white slaves hands,
Wove strong and fast,
By custom's bands?
Nay, nay, say not
Those words to me,
It is not true?
Man is not free.

Call man free!
When Greed and Gold,
At throat and heart,
Have clutched to hold,
When Dives rolls on,
In coach of State,
And Lazarus falls
Beside the gate?
I tell you No,
By stripes and stars
This shield of ours,
Is dark with scars.

Call man free !
 When he for self,
Would gather all
 Of woman's wealth,
Her beauty seek,
 Her virtue stain,
That he in power
 Of might may reign ?
He draws the knot,
 He cannot see,
He struggles hard,
 He is not free.

Call man free,
 When Halls of State,
The price of
 Highest "Jobbers" wait !
When "Trusts" and "Rings,"
 From man to man,
Are handled fast
 With skill to plan,
That more and more
 Of blood and bone,
The tyrant power,
 May claim and own ?

Oh Nation ! built
 By heroes gone,
Can they sleep quiet
 'Neath the stone,

When heritage
 So proudly given,
Rolls down to Hell,
 From heights of Heaven?
Come back, we plead,
 We call to thee,
Come back, and make
 This people free.

Come back ! our Goddess
 Weeps so sore,
Her children's woes,
 Can guard no more,
Come back with power,
 Each chosen name,
Who to our Flag
 Gave Freedom's name,
And in the cause
 Of Liberty,
Bring back the boon
 Bestowed by thee.

RENUNCIATION.

I SEE a lily's drooping cup,
Dip near the water's brim.
The leaves fall one by one apart,
And leave the golden rim :
And in the water of the stream
Are swiftly swept away,
Until within a rose-tree's dream,
They rise in bloom of May.

I see a boat far out at sea,
One figure toils alone,
Above, the changing shadows flee
Below the Ocean's moan :
The weakened grasp upon the oar,
The drifting with the tide,
Shows that the strength of former hour
Will never more abide.

I see a rainbow o'er a stream
With color flashing bright,
And out upon the earth they gleam
With countless rays of light :
The whiteness of the lily's leaf
The dream of him, who rowed,
Into the bow that spanned the arch
In conscious union flowed.

WHAT AGE ?

A WAY back in the past, so I am told,
 The Gods of Love ruled an age of pure gold ;
 Poets have sung of its rare golden glory,
 And strange are the myths of song and of story ;
 Yet on it moved with its men on the stage,
 Until it dropped into the pure *Silver Age*.

No one can tell just when it occurred,
 Or how some one blundered and dropped the lost word ;
 But such was the case, and still the Gods came,
 And gave unto man their blessing the same ;
 But man lost his wits, and too soon, alas !
 His descendants could travel in no age but *Brass*.

Colder and cruel, the people became,
 They chilled their loves, and scrambled for fame ;
 The Gods departed to their homes on high,
 And left earth's children to suffer and die ;
 But all unheeding the advice of each sage,
 They slipped with both feet into the *Iron Age*.

Danger was here, for now all was lost,
 Without redemption could come with much cost ;
 Who could they find with heart true and tender,
 Who justice and love to the people would render ?
 Jove told them he thought that now on the stage
 They would find Friend Warr of the *Practical Age*.

The Gods intervened, found their heart's true desire ;
He said, he had tried their Gold by the fire,
That Silver he sought with a stamp on its face,
In which no vestige of Brass could one trace,
And Iron he kept, just for his track,
Though one who found him would never turn back.

So now we can see the wheels of the past
Have been brought to the front by our Warr, at last,
And now for the future we pose on the stage,
We all must keep step with the *Practical Age*.

NO WORK.

I WALKED the street for many a day,
To seek for work at any price,
I strove to drive the fiend away,
Who held my loved in clutch-like vice.
I asked of this "boss" and of that,
Until my face familiar grew,
And yet I heard each morning said,
"We have no work to give to you."

I walked again, and pondered much,
That I, who held a place so long,
When laid aside, I could not touch
The cords of help to hold me strong ;

I saw the strangers from abroad,
 Could get the places held in view,
And yet my asking, said each "lord"
 "We have no work to give to you."

No work for head ; no work for hands,
 When wife and children, fainting, cry ;
With gold and silver, fruitful lands,
 And men must eat, or men must die ;
Or men must beg a pittance small,
 And thus their pride and manhood rue,
Forever do the "fates" still call,
 "We have no work to give to you."

Oh, Christos, who the people fed,
 And gave to all with bounteous hand,
Where has the brotherhood e'er led,
 To follow thee in any land ;
My house, My wife, My children dear
 Shall have all blessings, that's their due,
But, "leave my way ; 'tis very clear
 We have no work to give to you."

The day is long, but God is just,
 And recompenses each to each,
And take his "fiat" each one must,
 As he did practice, not did preach ;
And some day when the poor of earth
 In heaven's joys shall dwell anew,
They will not hear in higher birth,
 "We have no work to give to you."

THE NEW TIME.

IT is coming ! it is coming !
Heed ye not the tones in air ?
In the sound of the pealing bell,
Cannon's roar, and screech of shell ?
Error on its dying bed,
Treason, place not for its head ?
Oh ! the watchers tried and true
Watch the old and hail the new
And its mystery declare.

It is coming ; yea, 'tis coming,
Time shall be, and be for good,
And the lessons we've been learning,
And the trials we've been spurning,
Man shall know each meaning sent,
Know why discipline was meant ;
Then turn kindly to his brother
Trying not his love to smother,
As his heart is understood.

It is coming ; yea 'tis coming,
Peace abroad and Peace at home,
Stars and Stripes forever flying,
Every treason-bolt defying ;

Wisdom in the market places
Charity with sister graces,
Crown the coming days with gladness,
Chase away all care and sadness
From the Hall and from the Throne.

A SUGGESTION.

A CHILD, in the rest of the morning hours,
Tenderly tearing the leaves apart,
Caught a butterfly tangled amid the flowers
And set it free, with a happy heart ;
And with strengthened wings, up in the light
It floated away, and was lost to sight.

How oft do life's hopes seem as fair ;
Then sunbeams on the passing hours
Get tangled, and lost from the sweet'ning air,
And gone is the perfume of the flowers.
If, then, no hands brush the bonds away,
Our hopes and joys, will soon decay.

Oh ! dwellers upon this lower sphere,
Where sunbeams shine, and rain-drops fall,
Do thou that duty which lies so near ;
Life's meanings soon will come to all,
And then the prisoners we set free
Will swell our hours of harmony.

RECOMPENSE.

COLD and still, lies the glassy pool,
We hear the ring of the skater's heel,
The star-light dips serene and cool,
The wavelets lie in bands of steel :
But the Sun will shine, the rain will fall,
And up to the blue of summer skies,
The icy crystals gathering all,
In mist and beauty shall arise.

Sad and drear are the paths of life,
The rose-thorn pierces many a heart,
Some bow low 'neath toil and strife,
In the upward struggle bear a part :
But the name of the toilers yet shall glow
In that land, man's eyes not now may see,
And his work, the angel ranks shall know,
Through the years of all eternity.

Then what avails, that trifles fall,
That our plans so dear we cannot win ?
There is One who loves, who guardeth all,
For his palace grand, to lead us in ;
And the roseate flush of a coming dawn
Will give to Earth's toilers the golden Key
That for all suffering patient borne,
Recompense, will surely come to thee.

LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

I SOUGHT for love; from out the mists
A beautiful woman came,
The golden sunshine in her hair,
Her eyes of love aflame;
The tint of peach was on her cheek,
Her brow pure as the snow,
She pressed her lips upon my own,
And taught me truths I know.

I sought again; the mists rolled by,
And on the ocean grand,
I saw a vessel wreathed in flame,
Swift heading for the land;
The pilot, bravely at the wheel,
His face stern set with death,
Held on, until the grounded keel
Brought help — then gave his breath.

Again I sought; in squallid home,
Where breath of heaven was taint,
Where fumes of poison all around
Made one heart-sick and faint.
Upon a couch a baby lay,
His mother closed his eyes,
And only in the heart of love
Was heard her bitter cries.

Again I looked ; in palace home,
A lover and a maid
In anguish turned their heads away,
And this is what he said :
“ We part, but ne’er can seas divide
Our souls. I claim you mine,
And as the years shall part us wide
We’ll prove our love divine.”

And then back into long past days,
The spirit made me glance ;
Jean d’Arc stood burning at the stake
For love she gave to France.
And still beyond, till crosses three
Stood grimly neath the sun ;
The mystery thus revealed to me
Was this, all Love is One.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

WHAT matter though the world doth pay
But little heed to what is done :
We one by one must go our way
And prove our work from sun to sun.
For life will show for good or ill,
When comes the call to “ muster in ”;

And then the Truth be shown to all
Whose cause which man doth rightly win.

Faithful to the daily duty,
Though the dangers press beside,
Onward, with the hero's courage,
Ne'er a coward's thoughts betide ;
So as brothers on life's journey
Serve the cause as best we may,
Then what now is widely hidden
Sometime will be clear as day.

This world thinks little of the plan
That must be lived by any man,
That serves the cause of duty.
It flings its royal robes aside,
And in its selfishness and pride,
Looks most on wealth and beauty.
But He who watches at the head
Will know each servant's labor,
And he will best remembered be
Who serves with good his neighbor.

Songs are sung without a word,
Tales of love unspoken,
Heart's may snap Love's tender chord,
Grief may leave no token;
But the angels catch the song,
Echo back the measure,
And the jewels lost on earth
Make the heaven's treasure.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

WHEN in a time of darkness there is wrought
Upon a seed, some careless hand let fall,
The mystery of a life undreamed, unsought,
And strange imaginings woven over all.
When mist and sun and summer cloud,
Have each in turn served out the purpose sent,
There may come back reward unthought
Of forces, which unto that seed was lent.

Souls are the seed, sent down to earth,
From out the Paradise of God,
They touch each other from their birth,
Until they skyward leave the clod !
Whate'er of sweetness, or of love,
That to the soul shall fragrance bring,
Will come three-fold its worth to prove
And in their heart a love-song sing.

But if the frosts of sad neglect,
Blight swift the soul's perennial green,
If bud, and bloom and fruit, unculled,
Shall rest as if they had not been ;
E'en him who bade the seed spring forth,
By tender touch, because 'twas bare,
When in another soil it blooms,
'Twill have no memory of its care.

A POEM.

Read at the First Congregational church on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Ladies' Aid Society. Printed by request.

ALL hail to the chimes of the Silver Year
With its message of peace and love.
All hail to the dear ones gathered here
Their interests thus to prove ;
All hail to the ladies, one and all
As the busy years swept by
Have faithful been to every call,
Till their glories sing on high.

We look along the backward track :
Some days were dark and drear,
And yet the brethren felt no lack :
The woman's purse was here ;
Whate'er was needed for the good
Of the church, why one and all
Need only ask the Ladies' Aid,
They heard and met each call.

Sometimes the carpet would wear out,
Sometimes the walls were bare :
What matter trifles such as these
When money was to spare,
When barrels, boxes, east and west,

And north and south rolled on,
To speak of Moline Ladies' Aid,
Which every duty won.

When salary of the pastor dear
The brethren failed to pay,
The sisters planned, the coast was clear,
It sailed along the way ;
If church went up or church went down,
It still was all the same,
The Ladies' Aid was in the front,
And proudly wore its name.

Were ever suppers nobler planned
Than these dear ones have given ?
If we should sing the list of names
They might be heard in heaven :
With Hillhouse, Poole and Mrs. Crane,
With Crompton and with Wells,
While Mrs. Fristoe knew no wane,
And Atkinson no " spells "
Of leisure when she could lay down
Her pen, and others try,
And so we voted in and out,
No others need apply.

And quiet, modest Mrs. Sleight,
Whose left hand always tried
To know what she did with her right,
And was the truth denied ;

And Alice Hull and many more
Whose names we will not give,
They did their share and paid their score,
That their good church might live.

Some by the way have gone to sleep
As far as earth can find ;
I like to think they too are here
And with our circle bind
The old and new, the past and now :
Love knows no time and space,
And we shall find each day is new
As still we run the race.

I do not need to say much more,
We'll ring the silver chimes,
And you may give out of your store
Of dollars or of dimes ;
We yet shall live to give you aid
And all your woes shall share,
And all our plans will soon be laid
To reach our fiftieth year.

AN ACROSTIC.

JUSTICE, Wisdom, and Truth,
On to the Fountain of Youth;
Sought for by night and by day,

Meeting each foe by the way.

What is the message he speaks?
Answer his words if you can;
Deeper than thou he e'er seeks,
Ever the future to scan.

Fearless and true as a knight of old,
Into the land of spiritual gold,
Boldly he rideth where few are e'er found;
Recks he but little of sense or of sound,
Ever in power from him may be found.

And the world may watch him on his way,
Never from his path to stray;
Destiny he wields each day.

Friend of the poor and oppressed,
Ages ahead his name shall be blessed;
Battles he's won that God alone knows,
Rich are the depths of wisdom that glows
Into the land of all that is best,
Contentment and joy will each be his guest.

THE TRANSMOFORMICON.

(Read at the Unitarian Church.)

I had a dream, a wondrous dream,
Of a buiding vast and grand,
Its pillars tall and arches dim
Were filled from every land,
With carvings of the rarest art,
With paintings rich and rare,
And jewels wealthy hands had brought
Were scattered everywhere.

Within this Temple where I stood
There came a joyous band
Of singing lads and maidens fair,
Who wandered hand in hand,
Up to an altar, where in "heaps,"
Were piled in rude array,
Strange articles of workmanship
And gifts from far away.

There were flowers from the sunny clime,
And robes so rich and rare;
There were articles of "bric-a-brac,"
And crowns a prince might wear.
A dog and cat lay side by side,
Without a thought of wrong,
And much I wondered what could be
The meaning of this throng.

A sable curtain swept aside,
And then before my view,
A High Priest clothed in robes of night,
With visage stern and true,
Said: "Oh, my people, I at last
Have listened to your cries,
That entered into my Temple vast,
And reached me from the skies.

"You all have wished to change your state,
Your forms to build anew,
To enter fields of mystery,
Which now are shut from view;
It can be done, it shall be done.
I, only, hold the key
Of the great Transmoformicon
Which I now show to thee."

He swept his hand thrice in the air;
When with a rumbling roar
A huge machine of curious make
Was "dumped" upon the floor.
Whence came it? Not a soul could tell,
But there before their eyes
It stood, and they upon the Priest
Now gazed in dazed surprise.

"Now do not move, but make a wish,
No matter what it be,

The answer it will surely come,
As you shall quickly see;
But ne'er again can you return
To your present time and place,
And from the "stamp" upon your life
No future can efface."

They pressed close by, and one by one,
Without one thought of fear,
Went in the jaws of that machine,
No time for groan or tear.
It ground them up like sausage meat,
No shred was left behind;
I shivered as in wintry blasts,
And almost lost my mind.

For strange to say, before my eyes,
This Transmoformicon
Cut up such "didoes" nowhere seen,
Since first the world begun.
Sweet flowers turned to blushing maids,
Balloons to brainy men,
A pair of tongs a poet made
Who used both tongue and pen.

The sleeping cat and poodle dog,
E'er they had time to think
Of yell or "mieuw" went in that hole,
Came out a sausage link.

That strange machine, now on its feet,
Came towards me, t'was no joke.
Would I be drawn into its maw?
I gave a scream — awoke.

But much, my friends, I do believe,
That this machine is real,
This strange Transmoformicon
Will bring your grand ideal,
And if you further wish to know
The parties, I will tell,
Ask Pastor Dilworth and J. Warr,—
They keep the “thing” to sell.

REVERIE.

TIME points his finger at the blossoms dead
On frost and snow of many a buried joy,
On broken vows, and hopes still unfilled,
On myriad voices that the spirit willed,
And yet the lower man could not employ;
And dead leaves whisper, as they rustle by,
“The year has fled, it's deeds in slumber lie.”

Spring with her breath of bloom and rustling grass,
And song of wild birds trembling in the air,
And summer with her golden tresses laden,
With glintings from the Son-God's precious burdens,

Have wandered by, we know not where they are ;
And autumn with her tinted leaves and flowers,
Green pale, as winter frosted all her bowers.

Where are the dreams so fair in New Year's morning?

Where are the eyes that glanced within our own?
Where are the hands whose tender, soft caressing,
Brought to our head and heart a magic blessing?

We'd treasured more if we had only known,
That many a tear would mark the slow, sad hours,
Where darlings sleep, as do the grass and flowers.

The year has fled and many a wish and joy,

Which lay at morning time safe in our hand,
When night-dews fell, had turned to sculptured stone,
That all our wails and tears could not atone,

To bring again from out the silent land;
The deed once done, its destiny is cast;
"No mill can grind with water that is passed."

So should we mark the index of the year,

And learn the lessons which the months did bring;
The future with its years shall still supply
Hours that with bliss of sweetest dreaming lie,

If we but open doors to Truth shall fling ;
And when another year has spent its way,
Life may have opened to a faultless day.

ONLY.

ONLY kind thoughts
 From day unto day,
Only love blossoms
 Strewed on the way ;
Only a kind deed ;
 Some tender word,
Dropped into sad hearts
 Whose depths are stirred.
Only a handclasp
 In friendship given,
Often has turned
 A wanderer toward heaven.

Only the silence,
 When friends are arraigned,
Only sweet patience
 When love has changed ;
Only the waiting.
 When clouds are dark,
Sunshine will follow
 Yet your life bark :
Only the trusting,
 When hope seems gone,
“Rolls back the stone”
 Of each endless morn.

“Only we say,
Each holds in trust,
Eve shall be returned
Dust unto dust,”
Talents God given,
Which to be known,
Must in kind usage
Claim for its own ;
And when the vision
Here thus denied,
Falls on our glances
From Heaven’s side,
That which on earth
In love life has given,
That, and that only,
Will pass in Heaven.

TO WADE,

On Securing Japanese Maple Leaves from His Garden.

DEAR WADE, I read between the lines
Of every printed leaf,
How Nature, delving from her mines,
With upward climb through shrub and vines,
Could not be lax or brief,
But patient in each color set,
In every lacing vein,
She mastered all the tasks she met,
And stamped each with her name.

Again I see the garden fair,
The seat beneath the trees,
And "Polly," perched upon a bough,
Is quite "disposed to make a row,"
Because you try to please
A talker from the Western land,
Who spelled a few things well,
And gave to her to understand
Much wisdom you could tell.

Dear Wade, one lesson each must learn,
If they returns would crave,—
That blessings sent, soon backward turn
And tracings in the memory burn,
Until upon each leaf and flower
We see the print which nature made
And nobly did her part,
Into our inner being fade,
And stamp upon our heart.

ARTIE'S EASTER.

“WHAT will you give for Easter, dear,”
I asked my darling boy,
“For the angel that rolled back the stone
And filled the world with joy?
When the Saviour saw his own again,
And looked with the same kind eyes,
And felt their hearts of joy and pain,
And caught their swift surprise?”

My darling stopped, and looking wise,
Said, “Mama would it do,
My Bunny with its pinky eyes,
If I would give to you
To give to little Limping Jim,
Who wears such ragged clothes,
Would Jesus know it was for Him
Same as I gave a rose?”

“I’m sure that Jim would love it, too,
For just the other day
He brought some clover-tops along
And put them in the way,
And Bunny put his nose right down
And ate them one by one,
And Jimmy rubbed his velvet fur
As if he thought ’twas fun.”

And then he looked into my face,
My little Artie boy,
And started with a rapid pace
As he saw my look of joy,
For he who sees the one who needs,
Though near or far away,
Will shed abroad the loving deeds
Which mark each Easter day.

TO DR. HATTIE LACY.

OUT of the mist of the endless years,
Out from life's shadows and its fears,
Out from its withering, blighting breath,
Out of its sadness, and its death,
Into the joys of the glad to be,
Into the land where souls are free,
Into the dreams of golden hours
Where loved ones rest on beds of flowers,
Some day you'll come.

Oh ! child of Love—do watch and wait.
Forever *inward* swings the gate,
We ever linger at thy side,
To comfort, strengthen, keep and guide,
Some day the veil will sweep apart ;
Eyes will meet eyes, and heart meet heart,
And then to you the knowledge given,
That earth is blended close with heaven.

TO THE "WESTERN WORLD."

HURRAH for the west, the wild free west,
With its mountains vast and grand,
With its rolling plains, and its fertile fields,
With their yield on every hand.

Hurrah for the forces used by man,
Hurrah for the heroes in the van,
For the people who Fate cannot bind,
And never stop or lag behind.

Oh, the western world, for the future years,
Has vision grand and true,
Man casts behind his doubts and fears,
And calls for all things new.

Away with the slavery of the past,
Away with the shadows they have cast;
For the world is awake from its long deep sleep,
And from henceforth will its vigil keep.

Then shout again for the west so free,
With its treasures yet unsought,
We will show the ages yet to be,
The power of Mind and Thought.

Again shall Eden return to earth,
Again shall be known the "higher birth,"
And in the wondrous "yet to be,"
The east with the west shall see man free.

THE SAN GRAEL.

(Tribute to the pen of Mary H. Ford.)

OH, Cristos, by thy wounded side,
That paid the debt of love,
Down through the ages,
By Mystics and Sages
Have rung the chimes from above;
Mortal come higher,
By Water and Fire,
By blood from the soul of the world,
Evil forsaking, 'tis thine for taking
'Till banners of God are unfurled.

Oh, Cristos ! Mystic of the years,
Deep in thy mission to man,
None can atone,
Who stand alone,
But must close with God in the van;
The quiet hushing,
Then rosy flushing,
The cup will be given to thee.
Caught to the throne, where God reigns alone,
From all carnal life ever free.

Oh, Cristos ! Knights will yet be born,
Whose shield no stain can mar ;
 No castle grand,
 In any land
Can keep the Grael afar ;—
 Then shall be given,
 Out of each Heaven,
'Till Death no power can yield
The truth hid for ages, by Mystics and Sages
The Rose on the Cross concealed.

Oh, Cristos ! To thee homage turns,
And zeal for duties flow,
 Man's deeds, he earns,
 Love's incense burns,
Not on clay altars below ;
 Pureness of heart
 Must form a part,
Whose hand would e'er hold the Grael.
To foe and to friend, love without end
Naught else, the truth will reveal.

WEDDING BELLS.

To Gertie and Will.

ALAS! alas! that in these days,
As in the long ago,
When with a WILL one gets good HOLT,
And will not then let go,
Though fathers frown and mothers sigh,
Still, still he has his way—
Until the gossips whisper out,
“ Behold, the wedding day ! ”

That's what it means and why we're here—
To greet this smiling bride.
Brides do not need to blush these days
When men stand by their side,
For they are not the “scary” things
Of forty years ago,
When all the girls would quake with fear
At coming of a beau.

We've watched our Gertie, like a shoot
Of some swift-growing tree,
For, grafted in another root,
Its growth was full and free.
And though some storms have pelted hard
And tried to break the bough,
She with a WILL resisted them
Until you see her now.

Natty and trim and well bedecked,
 With spotless robes of white,
And though the bridegroom fills his place
 He still is "out of sight,"
As far as women's eyes may turn,
 For men are just the same
In any cut of wedding clothes—
 But women look for fame.

So now dear Gertie and your Will
 We wish you joy and love,—
As on the double track you move,
 May Hope just give a shove
Along to where the best of things
 Shall follow all the way,
Until you enter on the life
 That leads to endless day.

Your mother smiles amid her tears,
 For she did just the same,
And not with such good sense as you,
 For she would "change her name"
When but a lass, and with a class
 Of very bright young girls,
Her marriage with one Thomas J.
 Set brains all in a whirl,

So, Gertie, with our bowls of rice
And all our worn-out shoes,
We send you off in happy ways
Without a dose of blues,
And if Will does not treat you well,
Just to this crowd report,
And we will put him in a place
Where women serve at court.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Mrs. Ann M. J. Dow.

TENDERLY, sweetly, Time's bells are swelling
Down the tide of the years,
Dreamily, potently, in their way telling
Of life's joy and its fears.
Far away wind the shadows cool
In aisles where leafy boughs swing,
A maiden is tripping her way to school
And hearing the wild birds sing.

Stronger, louder, I hear the bells pealing,
Maidenhood, standeth revealed,
Visions of splendor on the brain stealing,
Truth's no longer concealed.
Waiting, she stands, with wistful eyes,
Watching her life thread weave,
Looking to earth, and looking to skies,
Her royal gift to receive.

Still with deep murmurs I hear the bells ring,
Slower the tone echoes fall,
With dignified mien as teacher and friend
She fills the home and the hall.
Young hearts are led, hopes are fulfilled,
Nothing to weep or regret,
Save the dear forms, who came on her sight,
Then vanished, but not to forget.

So the bells ring, so the bells swing,
Down through seventy years,
We, today, with true hearts do bring
Welcome and hearty good cheer.
Long may the years still on the way
Bring her blessing and peace,
'Till in the light of God's endless day
Her spirit shall find its release.

TO THOMAS AND SUSIE COOK.

SHEPHERD, " what of the night ? "
The lambs bleat out in the cold,
How long 'till we reach to the light ? "
How far from the safe, warm fold ?
Shepherd, the pathway is steep,
The thorns tore deep as we passed,
Few sunbeams were shed on the way,
Our sky with clouds were o'ercast.

Shepherd, thou told us the tale,
That the work in the valleys below,
Must be carried through sunshine and gale,
That we stop not, for friend or for foe ;
We have given the lambs of thy blessing,
We have beat back the wolves from the fold,
Yet come we in darkness confessing,
We still feel the want and the cold.

Shepherd, the dawn is returning,
The cart is flushed with pale gold,
We see a light gate through the wicket,
That leadeth to Christ's " upper fold : "
The angels that sung in the morning
With spirits who dwell with the blest,
With robes of " Truths " pure adorning,
Will soon lead us into their rest.

BABY HAROLD.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Taylor's Infant Son.

WHEN Baby Harold came,
The house was still,
There was no patter on the stairs,
No finger marks upon the chairs,
No little shoe or stocking on the floor,
No hobby-horse or soldier by the door,
No "goo-goos" had been whispered sweet,
We were so quiet in our home retreat—
When Baby Harold came.

When Baby Harold came
The world awoke,
There was no music like his cries,
No sunshine like his merry eyes ;
He held our hearts within his tiny hands,
His little arms wove closer love's sweet bands ;
What care we for the quiet and the rest ?
We swore allegiance to another guest
When Baby Harold came.

When Baby Harold came,
A man was born ;
We cannot see beyond the baby ways,
We yearn not for the youth and manhood days ;
We do not wish our baby fast to grow,
Save in our hearts, for we do love him so.
And yet all this we see, the world is one—
As other babes so fares our little son
Since Baby Harold came.

BUGLE TAPS.

(Written for Graham Post.)

LIST to the bugle taps,
As they fall on the ears at dawn,
Waking the sleeping camp
To duties of the morn :
“ Up, for the day is passing,
Up, boys, fall into line,”
Ringing the call for breakfast,
“ Close ranks, keep good time.”

List to the bugle taps,
Again they float on the breeze,
This for the sick and weary,
Hear it among the trees :
“ Come and get your quinine !
Come and get your quinine !
You won't feel bad long,
Come and get your quinine,
Come and get your quinine,
Take it and grow strong.”

List to the bugle taps
“ New guard, fall into line,
Out to the picket post,
March to the bugle chime ;

Old guard, off the beat,
Haste to the campfire bright,
In victory or defeat,
The guard must keep in sight."

Now the soft bugle taps
The weary soldier hails,
The rest of the night has come,
And quietness prevails:
"Tap, tap, lights out,
Tap, tap, lights out,
Into your blankets go,
Tap, tap, lights out,
Tap, tap, lights out,
Forget both friend and foe."

List to the bugle taps,
"All hands bury the dead."
With rifles flashing bright
Fire the volley above their head:
With the roll of the muffled drum,
That never more they will hear,
With the tramping of myriad feet
Do the silent ones draw near.
So out over the line,
At God's rallying call
The bugle taps in time,
Ring out for one and all.

OUR BOYS.

(Cuban War, May, 1898.)

AWAY, away, on the flying train,
On, on, to the front we go,
Through beams of sun, through clouds of rain,
We advance to meet the foe.
We leave behind our hopes and fears,
We leave with God our loved one's tears ;
Duty has sounded her bugle clear,
Away to the front without one fear,
Soldiers and sailors, in Union band,
Move with the Flag to protect the land.

Away, away, we have heard the call,
We are brave as Dewey's men,
Perhaps we may outshine them all
Ere we reach home again.
Our hearts are strong, our nerves are steel,
It matters not, come woe or weal,
Duty has pointed with finger stern
And patriotic fires within us burn ;
By the name of those who lived in the past,
We declare oppression shall not last.

Away, away, on the flying train,
To the boom of the cannon's roar,
To the majesty of battleships,
With their steady leaden pour,

We bid you speed us on our way,
For sighs and tears we could not stay ;
But when again our flag floats free
Above a people, yet to be,
Oh! welcome back from sin-cursed Spain,
The boys who go on the flying train.

SONG OF THE STREET FAIR.

COME, Oh ! come with me, the Street Fair is dawning,
Come, Oh! come with me, at noon, night or morning,
Come, Oh ! come with me, no beauty scorning
Of our wonders, that cannot be told :
See on the way our " Booths " with their splendors,
List' to the call of our merry street venders,
Dame Fortune true, is one of the senders,
Here to see the glimpses of old.

List', to the praise of our Fair Queens of Flowers,
Cheer with the rest, the bright passing hours,
Beauties so grand, are coming in showers,
Sing to the praise of our " Proud Moline."
Roses, and pansies, and lilies entwining,
Pinks, with their fragrance and beauty combining,
Hail to our Queen, the grand, through this shining,
Adds to the joy of this peerless scene.

Thanks to our Merchants, and our City Fathers,
Thanks to our Police, our Firemen and others,
Who hand in hand, would shower favors,
To bring unto you our Street Fair so fine,
Thanks to McDonald, the "Chief" of this pleasure
Who voted plans, without stint or measure,
And who no doubt, will add to our treasure
Of "stranger's" good will, to our fair Moline.

Then come to our Fair, and leave behind sighing,
Laugh with the rest, as mirth is swift flying,
List' to the Bands, who with each other vieing
Fill the air with music so grand ;
Visit our "Midway" before you shall leave us,
See all the sights to cheer, and not grieve us,
Then we can say no power deceives us,
Of our Fair, the best in the land.

So come, Oh! come with me, the Street Fair is dawning,
Come, Oh! come with me, and stay until morning,
Soon it will pass with all its adorning,
The Happy Street Fair, of our "Proud Moline."
But as the years shall pass with earth's care
Memory will bring on wings of the air,
Visions of splendor of our Street Fair,
Perfect and lovely as ever was seen.

August, 1899.

DEDICATED TO THE BAND BOYS.

I'VE been thinking, and a watching
Our Street Fair day by day,
Of its booths, in all their splendor,
Yes, its "all galore" display ;
Of the Midway with its fancies,
Of the shows upon the street
From the "giant" towering upward
O'er the people at his feet ;
But should I give the preference,
To show you where I stand,
I'd say our best attraction
Was the "boys who play the band."

McDonald as a "header"
Just led them up and down,
A bouquet on his coat lapel,
His face without a frown,
And wheresoe'er the music went
The people caught the spell
Of the "cake walk" to the Midway,
Just how,—they could not tell ;

The Light Guard, with its thrilling airs,
The Sylvan strong and grand,
And Strasser's strains from Iowa,
The far-famed Union band,

While Otto's horns and cymbals,
Just led a merry dance,
Which made the people, watching,
Laugh out, to see them prance.

Hail ! to our kings of music
Who stood so well the test,
Of what was put upon them ;
And, may both east and west,
And north and south give honor,
Just where much merit stands,
And shout for Chief McDonald
And the " boys who play the band."

The Fair will soon be over,
With all its work and fun,
And Proud Moline has shown her best ;
She ne'er can be outdone.
And when the days in quietness
Will settle o'er the town,
Trapeze and platform, arch and booth,
Will all be taken down,
The memory of our Free Street Fair,
The greatest in the land,
Will be sung in future ages
By the " boys who play the band."

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

“LET us have peace,” the Russians cried,
Put by the sword and gun ;
The cannon’s mouth shall muzzled be,
Its race on earth is run.
Let us have peace, the hour is late,
With the twentieth century near ;
Mankind its brotherhood should prove
And put by strife and fear.

“Aye, aye, we will,” the nations cried.
“We bear no marks of greed
Of what our brother nations hold.
We’ll live the higher creed
Of justice, liberty and love,
And give our heart and hand
In friendship’s pledge of loyalty
As one united band.”

So went the word around the world
With telegraph and pen.
What joyous messages were these
For saddened lives of men,
Within whose homes the vacant chair
Of him who on the field
Was pledged to shoot his brother down,
Who to him would not yield.

Behold the fruit ! How fair it is !
You see it far and wide.
The Filipino quietly sleeps,
No rifle at his side.
Amid the splendor and the glare
Of diamond fields, the Boer
He smokes again the " pipe of peace,"
Nor sighs for brother's gore.

The mikado and the mandarin
Of " flowery kingdoms " fair,
Rejoice that they in royal state
This " compact " grand should share.
While England, mother of the race,
Who rules in every clime,
Rejoices in her heart of hearts
For this sweet peaceful time.

And Uncle Sam sits down to watch,
Columbia by the door,
So glad that " strikes " are not the fad
And " riots " now are o'er.
Each worker gets the pay that's due ;
Each man is just and true ;
And capital and labor meet
And sweetest peace renew.

How wonderful it all now seems
That such a world wide move
Could bind the nations of the earth
In mighty cords of love ;

And Russian " bears " have lost their growl
And peacefully laid down
To wait until some other " move "
Shall bring them great renown.

THE INDEX OF THE YEAR.

SILENT and cold is the brown old earth,
Silent the blossoms she gave to birth.
Snow on the eyes of daisy and fern,
Snow in the path, where the wild birds turn.
Hum of bee, blossom of clover
Have lived their day ; the year is most over.

Silent and still lie the dreams of the year,
Silent each hope, silent each fear.
Each deed plastic at morning's hour,
At night was held in rockbound power.
No hand could change, no tear could start
Shadow or sun ; it would not depart.

Out from the mystery, we may not know,
Mortals have come life's duties to sow.
Out of the mystery, we cannot tell,
Mortals have gone in silence to dwell.
Loving or fearing, which it may be,
Dwellers of earth hold not the key.

On time's dial the finger-points turn,
Marking the wages each one doth earn.
On time's dial the finger-points swing,
From winter's cold breath to blossoms of spring.
Gladness and joy, oppression and greed,
Bring in the fruit, as man sowed the seed.

What shall we learn, what shall we keep ;
Since mother earth woke, to again fall asleep ?
What shall we heed, what bear in mind,
That may bring unto us blossoms in kind ?
Each asks the past ; each heart may choose,
Life bids man to take or refuse.

Time on the portal is striking the bell,
Year '97 is sounding its knell.
Time on the portal swings the bell clear,
Glad happy hearts greet the new year.
Each life again may turn at the wheel,
'Till the index of year again shall reveal.

December, 1897.

SONG OF SUMMER.

LISTEN to my quickened heart beats,
Do you hear me, can you tell,
How they speed their passing moments
'Neath their mystic spell—
How the fervent blush of roses,
How the berries glow,
Throbbing with my passion pulses,
Which no mortal man may know?

Listen, to my fleeting footsteps —
Do you see me as I glide,
Where the trout and silver grayling
In the pools abide?
Dense and blue, my shadows linger,
Soft the tinkling waters fall,
On the moss beds, ghostly fingers
Weave a dream web, over all.

Take, for soon my Presence leaves you,
Drink, for soon my springs will fail,
Full the cup of Life is brimming,
Quaff, else loss bewail.
Spring has gone, no more to meet you,
Autumn's queen awaits her place,
Take my off'rings as they greet you
And no future shall efface.

OCTOBER.

H AZE on the mountain,
Rest on the stream,
Crimson and gold on the hills ;
Rustle of squirrels, dropping of nuts,
Whirr of the wheels of the mills.
How the days passing swiftly along
Filled out the measure of music and song !

Frost on the meadows,
Paths by the brook,
Asters and golden-rod nigh ;
Birds of the woodlands calling to mates,
Come, to the South-land we fly,
Summer, in passing, called Autumn here,
Bringing to farmer harvest and cheer.

Rest 'neath the daisies,
Sleep 'neath the sea,
Rest in a far away land ;
Eyes bright at morning, night cannot see
The war-king claimed for his band.
So passed the hours ne'er to return
Events of the year in memory burn.

NOVEMBER THOUGHTS.

THE dream of the year is ended,
The flowers in slumber lie,
The grass on the hills,
The ferns by the rills,
Have passed with a sad good-bye,
And into their sleep,
So dreamless and deep,
They pass with a breath and a sigh.

Oh, hearts ! have you conned your lessons,
That were taught by bird and bee ?
How true to their own
In strength have they grown,
And roamed in the world so free ;
We pass the truth by
And lazily lie
While our boats drift out on life's sea.

But life with its passing hours
Gathers the jewels of time,
False heart and true,
Daring to do,
To enter the heights sublime.
The water once past,
In ice is locked fast,
Thus endeth life's prose, or its rhyme.

RESURRECTION.

FROM the frozen clasp of the Winter King,
At the touch of the Goddess Spring,
The waters flash in the crystal rills,
As they dance their way through the fertile hills ;
The violets peep in the tender grass,
And the May-bells nod when the fairies pass,
And we hear the bluebird sing.

Again the leaves in the soft, sweet air,
Have woven their robes so fair,
And sigh and play with the laughing breeze
As it sweeps its way through the bending trees,
And never dreamed they silent lay,
Cold and still just the other day,
Away from the world of care.

And so our years in fruitage show,
What has lain in the dark below,
And we learn the truth that nature brings,
That the Soul shall soar on "Eagle wings,"
Away from the chains the body wears,
And finds its home 'mid the silent stars,
And its mission true will know.

MEMORIAL.

YES, scatter sweet flowers o'er the blue and the gray,
Let them blend with the waving trees
While the evergreen wreath with its tiny flag
Is swept by the passing breeze.
Flowers, the symbol of life above,
Flowers, the smile of the God of Love,
Put by the past, be loyal today,
And treat as true brothers the blue and the gray.

Say kind words o'er the blue and the gray,
"Our Father," the Master, did teach,
Not alien blood, but one and the same,
Though varied in thought and in speech;
True to each trust was the blue and the gray,
Side by side they are sleeping to-day;
Then, "As ye would have done unto you"
Render each brother, the merit that's due.

Fire your guns, o'er the blue and the gray.
The smoke of their battles is past.
May hearts take hope, and God speed the day
When we speak, "this war is the last."
Hearts beat so true where the blue sleep today.
Hearts beat so true 'neath the jacket of gray.
So flowers, kind words, with each cannon and gun,
Flash over the world, our Union is one.

Moline, May, 1899.

TRUE COINAGE.

SILVER and gold,
Silver and gold,
Oh ! what a weighting of burdens untold,
Wrought into idols for service to men ;
Sought for and wrought for in sorrow and pain,
When will man learn the secret of power,
Coined for their use in destiny's hour ?

Silver and gold,
Silver and gold,
Ring now the changes in voices untold ;
'Publican, Democrat, " Poppycrats," too,
Bothered and worried, " all in a stew,"
One claiming that, another one this,
That pocketing each would bring them true bliss.
When brothers dispute
What can the world do ?
And how shall we know
Which one proves true ?

Silver and gold,
Silver and gold,
Have been in use since ages of old.
Why then cannot men
Leave that alone
Which in practice and use has everywhere grown
Needful for all, on land or on sea,
Wherever its merit of value could be ?

Silver and gold,
Silver and gold,
Oh ! what dreaming of wealth now untold ;
If man could but give each brother his heart,
If from self and envy he'd journey apart,
If in every office all over our land
It was men, not money, the State could command,
Then who would care, on land or on sea,
What metal our coin of currency be ?

WEAVING.

SHE stood at the weaver's loom,
As she turned her pretty head,
I said : " Little maid what work ?"
" Just tying a broken thread
That was left unseen by the weaver,
And his work imperfect might be ;
And so while he is waiting
I am tying his thread, don't you see ?"

And I thought how we as weavers,
Had often left our looms,
And with many a thread unraveled
Had passed away from the room ;
And perhaps some one who loves us,
And is watching over life's sea,
Lest our work should be imperfect,
Ties threads for you and for me ?

MEMORY PICTURES.

I CLAIM my Memory pictures,
They hang in a darkened hall ;
But in and out, they shift about,
And come at my earnest call.
O'er some the colors of sunset glows ;
O'er some I catch the bloom of rose ;
But darkly are woven some scenes with woe ;
And yet I've learned to love them all,
As back on the past my thoughts may go
To pictures that hang on Memory's wall.

I claim my Memory pictures,—
None others were half so fair,—
I dream of bliss, a snow-flake kiss,
That shines from my dream-world there.
Again you come with your message grand,
And though both bright and sad I call,
Deep lessons they bring from the silent land,
Those pictures of mine, I claim them all.

I claim my Memory pictures,—
Oft I sit at twilight's hour,
When a dimpled face, with child-like grace,
Shines forth with strength and power ;
Then a stalwart form of one I love
Smiles down from the pictured walls above ;

And I know they are kept somewhere for me,
That some day removed from Memory's hall,
Those scenes that earth no more may see,
My pictures of Life, I shall claim them all.

PRACTICE.

NEVER mind the creeds,
Do the noble deeds,
Grow like the flowers in the Spring;
Working day and night,
Striving towards the light,
'Till upon the stalk the blossoms cling.

Never mind the dark,
Light is in the spark,
Which the body dense may not behold;
Tend it every day,
Then upon the way,
See it burst into a flame of gold —

Never mind the man,
Live the true "I am,"
Which the Christ came down to teach the earth;
Then when all is done,
Upward toward the sun,
Enter thou the land of higher birth.

SUBMISSION.

WHEN tempests come, with rush and roar,
Bow low ;
When heartstrings break, and flesh is sore,
Bow low ;
When friends whom you have loved with years,
Pass from your sight ; shed bitter tears,
But up the heights as on you go,
Remember this, bow low.

When hands which you would fain have clasped,
Refuse to see the life strands grasped,
Bow low ;
We cannot tell why sorrows come,
Nor shall we know, 'till we get home,
But as we breast the billows' foam,
Bow low, my friend, bow low.

The Sunbeams do not always fall,
The rose leaves scattered at his call,
Bow low ;
Beyond the shadow and the gloom,
Beyond the " daisies " and the tomb
God calls His loving children home ;
Bow low, my friend, bow low.

QUERY.

WHAT does it matter, to work or worry?
What do we gain of profit or loss?
They who lag, and they who hurry
Carry along, each one, a cross.
Each one thinks his mission true,
Each one knows his way is best,
Who can tell, the many or few,
Which will count, in the final quest?

This one "pros" and that one "cons,"
Shakes his head, and snubs his foe,
Knows the "motion" that he has won
Is the best, and is sure to go.
Puffs and stews, or smokes and chaffs,
Grows profound or sneers and swears
When the "circle is swinging around."
Who can say that anyone cares?

Stocks go up, and men go down,
Brain and brawn count not with gold.
When one toils from early dawn,
How much coin do their coffers hold?
Silk and broadcloth hold the "passes"
For the favored and the few,
Though they did not toil to earn it,
Yet it came, as those things do.

Life is made of doubts and queries,
What avails when the end is come?
He who works, or shirks, or worries,
Each in turn will be deaf and dumb.
But we trust that a law of justice
Shall somewhere make the meaning clear,
Of the many changing dramas
That are played on the earth stage here.

THE TRUTH.

AS the days are Springward turning
Though the winter holds his throne,
And your soul with wisdom burning
Gets and gives what is your own,—
As the world in silent watches
Calls the unseen to appear,
And the old in memory snatches
Lingers only for the year.

So I say, my friend and brother,
May your pathway be most fair;
May the seed which you have scattered
Richest harvests to you bear.
And though man is slow in reading
Symbols that are clear to you;
Yet in time, with constant feeding,
Truth to them will come in view.

HUSKS.

SHE gave him a rose, with perfume sweet,
He tore the leaves apart ;
And tossed them one by one away,
The rose-thorns tore her heart,
And on the soil where the pink leaves fell
That told their tale of love,
The Angel who had counted well,
Caught back and bore above.

He gave her a dream of the ages gone,
That had slipped Time's changing tide,
And for a time as the tide sped on
He sailed down by her side ;
Then hoisting sail, away he sped
To Islands yet more near,
And the Angel bent with love-words, down,
She knew not he was near.

She looked for a Knight of a Holy spur,
That should bear with silent hand,
A color of tryst, that belonged to her,
A ring for a signet band —
But the Knight found not his Holy Grail
Nor entered the castle grand,
He turned to the voices at his side,
And sailed into distant land.

So ever in life, do illusions come,
In our search for one grand Ideal,
And when the silent heart grows dumb,
We learn, and seek the real ;
And to the Father's house on high,
Away does the spirit flee,
And from the Angel ranks receive
The word that makes him free.

TRUE WORTH.

I MEASURE life by deeds,
Not creeds ;
By kindly words oft spoken,
Some treasured, heartfelt token,
Some vows true kept, not broken,
In direst need.

I value friends for trust,
That rust
Of years, can never dim,
Though close on life the choral hymn
And with the white-winged seraphim
They join the just.

I measure love by tears ;
Not fears,
The years may part our smiles
And sadly dip the lengthening miles,
But in the happy " after whiles "
True love appears.

TRUE ROYALTY.

NOT crowns and scepters, royal robes
And jewels, rich and rare ;
Not thrones, dominion, potentates,
And slaves to burdens bear ;
Not pleadings at the royal law
For favors, or for power,
That sword, and horse, and signet ring,
Might bring with each its dower ;
Nay, nay, this is not royalty,
'Tis bondage, shun it ; and be free !

True royalty is from above,
And no allegiance knows,
Save that which comes in crowns of love
Which God wills to dispose ;
To all who to the scepter heed
From out the silent hand
Shall recognize the " King of kings "
The savior of the land,
Then thrones and kingdoms, love and power
Shall come in each much needed hour.

CRISIS.

THE bell strikes out ; work on, work on ;
 Its pealing knell finds no task done ;
Man strikes out blindly as he goes,
Knows not by sight his friends or foes.
Work on, work on, thy mission fill,
'Till weary hands and feet are still.

Work on, work on, still pass the hours ;
The people faint beneath the powers
Of squalid Want and grinning Crime ;
Of homes of darkness and of grime ;
Still do thy best to turn the wheel,
That Truth and Light may yet reveal.

Work on, work on, the right shall win,
And all the strife and all the sin
Shall pass as shadows of the night,
Or, as the Arab's tents in flight.
Work on, work on, we yet shall see
That grand New Time that is to be.

FANCIES.

SOMETIMES the song
Not the singer
Will linger most deep in the heart ;
Sometimes the thoughts
That seem weakest
A strength of power impart ;
Sometimes the words lightly spoken
Have brought sweetest peace to the soul,
And over a heart crushed and bleeding
Have caused billows of bliss swift to roll.

Oh, life, with its questions
To vex us,
Oh, truth, with its visions so near,
How varies the lights
With the shadows,
How hope is oft married to fear.
But when in the realms of true being,
We strike off the shackles that bind,
We rise to the mount of clear seeing,
And leave all our errors behind.

L. cf C.

“ IN HIS STEPS.”

I ASK not for pledges of land or of gold,
I ask not for creeds your fancies to hold,
I ask not for temples so lofty and grand
To be built in My name and burden the land,
But I ask of the man who true to all trust,
Would guard Honor's shield from mold and from rust,
To rise from his chains, cast them off, stand up free,
Then take up the Cross and follow with Me —

In the court, in the camp, in the home, in the field,
He must serve who the greatest of love stands revealed,
No matter what brother or sister has need,
To follies and errors must never take heed,
But seeing the good, and knowing each one,
Will at last find the Image, the Master begun ;
He must point to the light, from thralldom set free,
Aye ! take up his Cross, and follow with Me.

“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,”
Your feet may grow tired and long seem the strife,
But as I o'ercame, so to you I have given
The pathway of spirit to lead on to heaven.
The flowers now crushed shall spring into bloom,
The gates are unbarred that lead from the tomb,
So man “ In My Steps ” I am calling to thee,
It is time, take the Cross, and follow with me.

“ BEHOLD I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW.”

HAVE you seen, have you heard the Angels of light,
Who down from the heavens are speeding ;
Who scatter love's pearls, in the mystical whirls,
To the people on earth, who, unheeding
Pass on their way, with jest and with rhyme,
Not knowing 'tis here, the wished for New Time ?

Oh ! banner of Heaven, how fair are thy folds,
With thy twelve pointed star on the blue,
Whose mission of good, shall furnish new moulds,
To show forth the brave and the true ;
Whose message of light, by day and by night,
Will bring the New Time into view.

The “ Morning Stars ” sang when the world sprang to
birth

And fair was the child of the Sun,
But man in that day, knew not the way,
Of the Word that was willed and was done,
But with moans and with tears, with sighings and fears
He has watched for the New Time to come.

It is here, it is here ; the longed for New Time,

Let each soul prove its right to its power ;
There is no lack, no hand can hold back

The gifts which the angels would shower ;
So let the world ring with hope and good cheer,
Awake all that sleep, the New Time is here !

“AS A LITTLE CHILD.”

SPEAK to thy Brother, with simple words,
Let him feel the touch of thy soul,
Let the flash of Truth from your loving eyes,
Bring the warmth of the Sun, from the holy skies,
And blend with the spirit control.

Lead thy Brother, in simple paths,
To you the way may be clear,
But mosses of doubt may cover his feet,
And the vines entangle where “opinions” meet
Ere the well-cut road appear.

Love thy Brother in simple ways,
Teach him the love of the “cross.”
The lessons Christ gave, still floats on the breeze
“Inasmuch as ye did to the least of these,”
Thy reward will be gain, and not loss.

And so with the heart of a loving child,
Your thoughts, and words, and deeds,
Will be the “life” that all may see
From every care and doubt set free ;
Will speak far more than “creeds.”

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is Love ? Have you ever watched,
The tints in a shell of pearl ?
What is Love ? Have you ever felt
The arms of a great whirlpool ?
What is Love ? Has your ear at eve,
Caught the gush of the nightingale's song ?
What is Love ? Has your heart held beats
As a sob, both sad and long ?

Oh ! great deep "mystery" of the years,
We never shall solve on earth,
Until we read the silent Sphinx,
And know of its mystic birth ;
Until we measure the restless sea,
And know why she flies to the skies,
To kiss the face of her loving Moon,
Then back again shuddering cries.

But we may love, and we may live,
To the best we know of Truth,
And as we live, and loving give,
We shall bathe in the "Fount of youth,"
But until we reach the strand of pearl,
That is washed by God's crystal sea,
Just "What" and "Why" of Love's deep whirl,
Will be kept from you and me.

THE GOAL.

UPWARD strive,— drop all below you.
Dare all, hope all ; Truth will win.
Care thou not that error wound thee ;
Turn thou not though foes confound thee ;
Onward through Joy's shining portal
Speed, Oh, speed,— Thou Grand Immortal.

Upward strive, reward is gaining,
None can be his own sustaining.
From the flower's tiny bloom,
From the cavern depths of gloom,
Each to each must greet its brother,
Grant their plea, ere truth they smother.

Upward strive, the day is dawning,
Come the glorious tints of morning,
On the mountain, on the river,
See the living forces quiver ;
Gather them as “ manna ” given,
Feed each day to bring you Heaven.

Upward strive, the goal awaits you ;
Upward strive, no power can shake you.
In the daring and the doing
Ever comes divinest wooing,
In the arms of Love's sweet quest,
Ever find thy promised rest.

Upward strive, hold fast to others,
Bring along earth's wayward brothers,
Be the strength to weakened soul,
'Till they too, have claimed the whole,
Then the whole of Heaven's treasure,
Shall be yours to claim and measure.

ENTREATY.

LOVE me as the roses grow,
Love me, as the wild-bird sings,
Let your hopes with golden glow,
Clasp and hold my fluttering wings ;
Love me with your "soul of souls,"
Love me with your beaming eyes,
Love me with your tender heart,
Where the truest loving lies.

Love me when the present hour
Shall no more reveal my face,
Still will come Love's mystic power
Where you dwell in any place ;
Love me though o'er mount and sea
In the court or in the cave
Naught can turn thy soul from me
Love Divine is all I crave.

COMMAND.

He took a whip of cords and drove them out.

“GET out of my house,— I bid you go,
You have made it a den of thieves.”
With children’s voices pleading so
My great heart quivers and grieves;
You have spilled their blood,
You have stolen their bread,
Aye, even the land where your “Princes” tread;
And do you think I will be still?
Get out! You shall know my power of will.

Get out of my house, do not profane
The temples of God and man,
That were built without the sound of tools,
Before the world began;
I sent the sun to shine on all,
From out my own blue sky,
You would cloud my light with a pall
Would let my “Image” die;
This world is mine, I paid the price,
Depart with all of your sin and vice.

Ye had not thought I could return?
I never have gone away,
I have watched you in the market place
And marked you day by day;

Measure for measure, says Moses' creed,
As ye sow ye can but reap,—
And out of your grave of hidden deed,
I call you from a restless sleep,
The law of justice is met in Me,—
Obey, and set my image free.

RETROSPECTION.

MY Presence goes not forth, though form fades from
your sight,
The rain-bow just returns, unto its home of light
From whence it sprung, as gladness comes from pain,
Because the love of Sun falls on the drops of rain;
So while my thought in mem'ry still turns back to you,
The Spirit sings within: Be brave, be true,
Send out your beautiful rays in colors seven,
Reflect on all around, the "Bow of Heaven."

While thus remembrance of the sweet spring flowers,
Shall point again to fleeting, busy hours,
We'll keep the lessons learned — press up the height,
To that bright land still hidden from our sight;
And turning not to cloud-land down below,
And silent, patient, sweet as lilies grow,
We'll stand upon the Mount of Endless Truth,
And thus reflect on earth, our own eternal youth.

SOME DAY.

SOME day, the bells so silent now
Will swing and sing in golden glow,
Some day, the blossoms now so frail
With life and strength, will breast the gale ;
Some day, the bird with plaintive song,
Will call its mate the whole day long ;
Some day, the duties unfulfilled
Will be completed as God willed.

Some day, the shadows now so deep,
In God's sweet sunshine will then sleep ;
Some day, the heart now bowed with grief,
In freedom's joy will find relief ;
Some day, the task so hard and long,
Will be laid down for love's sweet song ;
Some day, poor life's work will seem grand
Way over in the "Morning-Land."

Some day — Ah ! well we can believe ;
Some day — Ah ! yes we can receive ;
Some day — The time will not seem slow ;
Some day — The funeral bells swing low ;
So now, while here we play our part
With voice and pen, with hand and heart,
Do good, seek life, bless all you may,
And sure will come returns some day.

UNCHAIN THE TRUTH,

“UNCHAIN the Truth”—Let the world go free,
Let us breathe the “Breath of God;”
Who is man — What power has he
To claim and hold the “Word?”
The silver and gold are at God’s command,
The cattle, and sheep, that fill the land,
No one can hold as a “Special Part”
Who beats with the pulse of God’s great heart.

“Unchain the Truth”—’Tis the “Word of Power,”
That speaks from the throne of God,
It meets the needs of the present hour,
It greets the heart’s true Lord;
Who can pay for the tinted skies?
Who can pay for the rain-bow dyes?
While man lives, ’till his force is spent,
The goods are but to the present lent.

“Unchain the Truth”—Bring your vessels all,
The Fount is full to the brim;
There are no great, there are no small,
In the souls who dwell in Him;
We follow as the Master taught,
We ne’er can be sold, or ever be bought,
But as long as we live, our “Word” shall be,
“Unchain the Truth” and set men free.

CHANGES.

I SAT at the gate : 'Twas the Morning watch,
And the Sun shot over the hill,
The flowers and leaves felt the fiery touch,
And the waves grew low in the rill ;
The whirr of the insects fell on the air,
No cloud was seen in the sky,
And o'er the desolate scene everywhere,
No help or favor, seemed nigh.

I sat at the gate : 'Twas the Noontide watch,
More fierce fell the beams of the sun,
The cattle extended their tongues to catch
A breath of coolness of rain ;
For days no drops had fallen to earth,
No "Covenant Bow" was seen,
And torrid skies, and fiery rays,
Fell down on the heads of men.

I sat at the gate : 'Twas the Midnight watch,
A clash resounded on high,
And piling clouds of direst shape,
Covered the blue of the sky ;
The tempest fell like a giant grand,
In showers of hail and rain,
And Nature sang, o'er sea and land
Her jubilant song again.

Each sits at the gate, as the "Watches" pass,
At morning, at noon, at night,
And hot and dreary are the scenes
That greet the wakening sight;
But sometimes, on their path again,
Shall tempests clear the way,
And show that lack may yet be gain,
In God's eternal day.

FREEDOM.

LET each one go at his own sweet will,
This grand old world will not stand still,
Some go before, some lag behind,
Some eyes open, some are blind,
Some in blossom, some in fruit,
Some tied fast, some have no root;
What does it matter; who can tell
Who are rich, and who are well?

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

LISTEN for the foot steps of Spring,
Sweet nymph of the passing years,
In the winds among the trees,
In the carol of the birds,
Oh! the mystery she weaves,
As she speaks her magic words—
Violets! blue-bells! Awake from your sleeping!
Daisies! and Ferns! 'Tis time you were peeping
Up to the Sun who is waiting for you,
And share in the kisses of rain, and of dew.

Listen for the foot steps of Spring —
List' the merry chatter of the brook,
Soon the laugh of children will ring,
As they hunt in each hidden nook,
For the bright "johnny-jump-ups," the violets blue,
And the sweet-fronded ferns, now hidden from view,
And Spring will rejoice and share in their glee,
And romp in the life that sporteth so free.

Listen for the foot steps of Spring —
The old age of Winter is past,
She hustles dead leaves,
On the wings of the breeze,
Old forms she hurls to the blast;

In the heart of the lover, she places a flame,
In the heart of the maiden, she pictures a name,
And the warmth of the Sun, and the blue of her
 skies,
Proves to us though Spring goes, sweet Spring never
 dies.

So take the symbols thus given,
 The months, and the years, grow apace,
And the forms we knew are hidden from view,
 Dame Nature e'er changes her face ;
But the Angel within, who is formed from the light,
Thus its message would bring, if souls read aright,
Though we in the shadow, seem gone from your side,
We never have parted — We never have died.

Le Claire, Iowa.

DIRECTION.

IF you have a truth to teach,
 Make it clear ;
Use right thought, to weave in speech,
 Make it clear ;
Many puzzle and grow blind,
Many lose their peace of mind,
What you wish your friend to find,
 Make it clear.

* * * * *

If in life a place you seek,
 Make it clear ;
Let your effort not seem weak,
 Make it clear ;
All you have may be at stake,
Duty's voice your soul awake,
If with power, a name you'd make,
 Make it clear.

* * * * *

If you have a plan in view,
 Make it clear ;
Seed that,s sown, returns to you,
 Make it clear ;
Then deceit, with griping hand,
With her foul and loathsome band,
In your pathway may not stand,
 Make it clear.

Brother as you live your life,
 Make it clear ;
Have no voice in sin or strife,
 Make it clear ;
Then when time shall swing her door
To your footfalls on earth's shore,
List' that voice you heard before,
 Make it clear !

THE NEW THOUGHT.

THERE is no old, there is no new,
Though thus it seems, as it comes to view,
But round and round, on the wheels of time,
Have the changes rung, in clan and clime,
“The things that is, is that which shall be,”
The slave to-day, to-morrow is free.

There is no new, there is no old,
“Pictures of silver, and apples of gold,”
Were gifts of the Gods, in the ancient age ;
The love of Poet, the lore of Sage,
Have again and again, through ages grand,
Sent out their thoughts, to bless the land.

There is no old, there is no new,
Love is love, and truth is true,
As long as the rain-bow tints the skies,
Will the rain-drops in the bow arise ;
The stars in the morning together sung,
The world was old, when the world was young.

There is no new, there is no old,
Ever this truth in your bosom hold —
Go on your way, with heart intent,
To the Truths which are to the Present lent ;
And what to you shall soon seem old,
Again shall return, in the “Age of Gold,”
And men will say, as now do you :
Behold the Thought which is so new.

LINCOLN.

GREAT name, through all the ages,
Shall yet ring down the years
And on historic pages,
With hopes, and fears, and tears,
Shall beckon to all bonds-men
To throw off every yoke,
And on the shield of Freedom
Parry the tyrant's stroke.

Our Lincoln, great, immortal,
A nation's love to thee,
Until Time swings the portal,
Shall true and fearless be ;
Years can ne'er dim thy splendor,
No shadow mar thy fame,
But lands, and every people,
Love and revere thy name.

And, now, to-day we greet thee,
The past with Present burns,
And we would loyal meet thee,
With all that hope returns ;
And he whose chains were broken,
By word, and pen, and deed,
Will give life as his token,
Not formed by prayer or creed.

Emancipation Day, 1898.

TRUE SYMPATHY.

WE have sung so long of "The Man With the Hoe"
That now we would take a rest,
And sing the song of the "gal" with the broom
As the one we love the best ;
She brushes the cobwebs out of the skies,
And whisks the dust in your nose and eyes ;
But not feels she as "The Man With the Hoe"
We are the chaps, and we have to go.

We have borne on our backs, this sorry tale,
'Tis as true as a tale can be,
But why that a man, should have all the woes
Is what is now puzzling me ;
For woman, she washes, and irons, and bakes,
And "scrubs the kids" 'till her poor back aches ;
But who makes Poems that stir the land,
And puts the "chink" in her hard hand?

Away with the dirt man, what do you care
If he has a "Hoe" or a golden stair?
He's not the Man whom God has made,
For such know not of "Hoe" or "Spade:"
But look for the man and woman within,
Which cannot help, but the goal to win,
And then you will find no cause for woe,
And the "Hoe" and the Broom to the winds may go.

SWIFT GOES THE YEAR.

(Song.)

Tune: Abide With Me.

SWIFT goes the year ; the summer roses die,
The birds fly south, the clover heads are dry,
O'er all the earth, the song of passing days
Whisper their farewell hymn of joy and praise.

Swift goes the year ; " Its mark is on each brow,"
Deep in our hearts, is kept each broken vow,
O'er hopes that vanish, friends that fall asleep,
Still in the silence, we our vigil keep.

Swift goes the year ; it never can return ;
Gather the sheaves, which you so richly earn,
Press to the goal, nor faint not by the way,
Though foes beset you sore, oh ! do not stay.

Swift goes the year ; its blessing we shall keep,
In future years life's lessons we shall reap ;
Swift goes the year ; we bid it kind farewell,
And with hope's promise bright, ring Love's sweet
bell.

THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

NINETY-ONE.

MUFFLED and slow swings the bells of Time,
A still form lies on its bier ;
On the night air the far away chime
Rings out the death of the year ;
Gone, with its purposes unfulfilled ;
Gone, with its heart's pulsations stilled ;
Gone, with its sorrows, its joys, its cares ;
Gone, with its work, its toil, its prayers ;
Gone, with many a ray of light
That brightly shone on an earthly night ;
Its watch is past, its labors done —
Farewell to the year, old Ninety-one.

Never again can the golden sands,
So silently slipped away,
Be gathered and held in our folded hands
For the work of another day ;
Never again can the faded flower
To our heart be sweetly pressed ;
Never again can the wasted hour
Return from its place of rest.

What have we done, and what have we thought ?
What comfort and love has our mission brought ?
Who have we gladdened, who made sad ?
Shared with what brother the treasure we had ?

What word said that brought a smile?

What hand clasped that spoke good cheer?

What we have done, what we have not,

All are gone with the silent year:

These are the things that should cause regret,
Make our eyes with sad tears wet.

Past opportunities, all are gone,

Farewell, farewell, old ninety-one.

NINETY-TWO.

Ring in, ring in, with a joyous peal,

Let it echo o'er vale and hill,

Let cannon boom and flags unfurl,

Each heart with glad joy thrill;

Ring in, the new king comes to-day

From the land of the "Great Unknown,"

Welcome him in, grant him the way,

As he takes his royal throne.

He bears in his hands the spring-time bloom,

He warbles the song of birds,

He brings the dreams of the summer hours,

That can never be told in words;

He hides the wealth of fertile field,

He holds the fruit that the earth will yield,

All will come at his budding forth

As Love's scepter he shall wield.

The golden sands again will run,
New deeds in life be wrought ;
Into the arena again we leap,
Girded with power of thought ;
We clasp the hand, we say " God speed,"
We check the falling tear ;
Each will be true to his highest needs,
So he greets the glad new year.

So ring, wild bells, with your merry clang,
We watch you grandly swing,
To the new born of " Old Father Time "
We truest homage bring,
And heart to heart, and hand to hand,
May we each prove just and true,
'Till we girdle the world with a golden band,
With the young king — Ninety-two.

SONG OF THE CHORUS GIRLS

TEMPLE OF LUXOR.

OH! Isis! Sweet Mother, we come, we come,
To the Temple worship and thee,
We crown thee with flowers,
These bright, laughing hours,
Thou makest our footsteps free, oh free;
And to RA we will sing,
While his praises shall ring,
In silver-toned rays to thee, to thee.

Oh! Isis! Sweet Mother, grant thee our boon,
May the "Lotus" bloom fair each day,
With its touch so divine,
May it quicken like wine,
As you pass on your way, on your way;
And the God RA shall turn,
Until our hearts burn
And we glide in thy hidden way, thy way.

Oh! Isis! Sweet Mother, bright glows thy moon,
We are under its witching spell,
It quickens, it thrills,
With life-giving rills,
Give more and more, we pray, we pray;
And into thy bliss,
With Love's Magic Kiss,
Our souls shall wander away, away.

SONG OF THE CAVE GNOMES.

OH! the flash and the sheen, of our beautiful gems,
That dwell in our caves, 'neath the waves of the sea,
Oh! they come in your dreams,
With sunlight's rare gleams,
And steal in your heart, and witch you away.

We, the Gnomes, guard our caves,
Far beneath the salt sea waves ;
We, the Gnomes, guard with power,
Safe from selfish man this dower ;
We, the Gnomes, guard the brow
Of our Sea-Elk King and Queen ;
We, the Gnomes, ever throw
Gem light over each fair scene.

List' to the moan of the sea,
List' to the sweet silver bells,
Hear the voices in glee
Laugh from our beautiful shells,
Some day we shall creep to light,
Some day our treasures shall flash on your sight.

Again from the depths of our ocean cave,
We, the Gnomes, will bear from the wave,
Gems, that will grace the brow of youth,
Gems, that symbol the love of Truth ;
For on the brows of the sons of men
Atlantian jewels shall shine again.

NEW BATTLE HYMN.

Dedicated to the Army and Navy.

Tune : " John Brown's Body."

OH, would you read the words of God,
Now written in the air,
That will turn the hearts of starving men
From grim and black despair,
And will teach to them the lesson,
Of the sparrows and their care,
While God is marching on.

Chorus :

Glory, glory hallelujah !
Glory, glory hallelujah !
Glory, glory hallelujah !
Our God is marching on.

With Dewey in the foremost ranks,
With Sampson on the seas,
With the echo of the cannon's roar
That mingles with the breeze.
We'll teach the nations that our land
Is master of the seas,
While God is marching on.

Chorus.

Oh! the heroes gone, who died in blood,
At touch of torch and flame
Who went out without one moment's thought
From off the fatal Maine,
Are speaking to their brothers left,
They have not died in vain,
While God is marching on.

Chorus.

We have seen our " Stars and Stripes " afloat
From every land and clime,
We have sounded out true freedom's note
From Washington's past time ;
We've risen now to Duty's task
With majesty sublime,
Since God is marching on.

Chorus.

Oh, let England now a lesson learn
To kill her "Lion's" roar,
Who watched unhelped let martyr's blood
Bring guilt upon her shore,
And teach them that the God above
Brings vengeance swift and sure,
When he goes marching on.

Chorus.

With our President as leader,
With our statesmen as his aid,
With our soldiers and our sailors,
Why should we be afraid?
We'll teach the haughty Dons to know
The "Yankee hogs" thus made
Are helping God march on.

Chorus.

When our Flag shall roll in splendor,
And our holy cause is won,
And we hear the victory sounded,
With speech of bell and gun,
Oh, how surely shall we learn the truth
True Freedom's hour has come,
While God is marching on.

Chorus.

While Illinois is watching now,
 With heroes of the past,
With Lincoln, Grant and other men
 Whose names will ever last,
So every state in Union band
 Their glory now will cast,
 While God is marching on.

Chorus.

On Cuba's shores the " Stars and Stripes "
 Shall wave o'er rescued men,
And our battleships and soldiers brave
 Destroy the blood-hounds den,
Then give three cheers with hearty will
 To America's brave men
 As God is marching on.

Chorus.

1898.

NATURE'S LULLABY.

LISTEN to the swinging and the singing of the trees !
Listen to the rustle of the grasses soft and low,
How the waters splash, as they coldly dash,
Over pebbly beds, or through the valleys go ;
In and out the flower-bells drones the honey bee,
On the wings of swiftness flits the humming bird,
Over all, the Sun and Moon, with their witchery,
Speak the soundless beauty of Nature's magic word.

But Man, idly turns away, from the Mother heart,
Spurns her gentle whispers and her myriad charms,
Walks in royal self-hood, from his own apart,
Heeding not the pleading, to rest within her arms.
Deep within the Silence, there with God alone,
She would show the Father's face, bid him never fear,
Keep him in the presence of her witching grace,
But he turns away,— his memory does not hear.

Patience, thou sweet Mother, your children yet shall
know
How your crooning lullaby, their early cradle song,
Seen in cloud and sunbeam reflecting here below,
Shall again sing in their ears, keeping right from
wrong,
Then all eyes shall see thy face, know the Father's love,
Learn the lessons of their life, they earthward came
to prove,
Souls be lifted from the earth to the heights above,
And in rhythm of beauty, each universe shall move.

MUSING.

IN this life amid its shadows,
There are sunny spots of cheer,
Cherished are they by the owners,
When the days are dark and drear ;
Then the words of tender counsel,
Then the earnest tones of love,
Make for us a golden vision,
Which will dwell with us above.

So in this sweet summer weather,
Which is passing now so fast,
Moments we have spent together,
Dearest friend, must end at last ;
But the ties of Friendship blending,
Fades not as my face, from sight,
For the Spirit finds no ending,
Ever blesses with its light.

So you'll take my musings with you,
We together have been blessed,
Future days may yet have hidden,
Truths to soothe our spirits quest ;
And your thoughts as clouds of evening,
Drifting Southward to the sea,
Sometime when you send them floating,
Will drift slowly down to me.

LOVE CLAIMS ITS OWN.

YOU do not answer Freda ;
Your eyes are dim with tears,
Is this the welcome given,
For all the passing years ?
No sunshine in your glances,
No laughter in your voice,
No pressure of your fingers,
To make my heart rejoice :
Oh ! Dearest—know in each fair zone,
“The true heart, e’er must claim its own.”

I’ve watched the morning sunbeams,
Shine out across the sea,
And bells in distance calling,
Brought back sweet dreams of thee ;
I’ve watched the shadows falling,
The stars come one by one,
My senses swift enthralling,
In memory you would come,
And to my side your soul has flown,
“The true heart, e’er must claim its own.”

Ah ! turn your sweet face nearer,
I see you’ve not forgot,
When years ago we parted,
From this remembered spot ;

And look, your gift within my ring,
This tress of chestnut hair,
You know that memory e'er would cling,
Around you everywhere —
You yield — Ah! Sweetheart by your tone,
I prove — “Each true heart claims its own.”

SOME DAY.

SOME day, some time, I know not when,
You'll fold me in your arms again,
Some day, some time, I know not where,
Will vanish every thought of care;
Some day, some time, within your eyes,
I'll read my questions and replies,
Some day, some where, all now we miss,
We'll gain in rapture of love's kiss.

Some day, some time, what matter Love?
If here the noblest part we prove,
Some day, some where, we'll know the truth,
And dwell in our immortal youth;
Some day, some time, ah! do not grieve,
The crown of life each day we weave,
Some day, some where, oh! dearest heart,
We'll meet, and never more will part.

LILLIAN'S SONG.

A GAIN the crystal waters flow,
Through meadow, and through glade,
And singing, dancing, as they go,
Through sunshine, and through shade,
Through beds of moss,
And leaves of fern,
They meet and cross,
Again return,
Until they flow in larger streams
Bring power to the waves again.

I wander all the way with you,
And mingle with thy thought,
I come, as comes the rain, the dew,
With sweetest power unsought ;
With healing balm,
Of Love Divine,
Which seeks thy soul
As rarest wine,
So, Edna, comes your royal Queen
Unto the " woodland tryst " again.

Where dashes on its saucy way,
My sparkling bright cascade,
Just list' to what the Fairies say,
That sport within the glade ;

In memory read,
From summer skies,
The message sent,
From loving eyes,
That ever with you will abide,
And swell the joys of Autumn tide.

Beloved ; look for me within,
'Tis there I kiss to thrill,
I touch the heart strings, pure and keen
That throbs at my sweet will ;
Then you again,
To help and bless,
Send out with love
Each fond caress,
So thus we live our Angel life
United, free from sin and strife.

TOUT A VOUS.

FOLD me to thy breast,
Let me rest as a weary dove,
Who long has left its nest,
On wings of love ;
And soaring far o'er land and sea,
To bring a wish to some lone heart,
Would turn, and furl its wings near thee,
Nor care to go from thee apart.

Fold me to thy breast,
As a flower, rocked by the breeze,
Who bids its perfume rest
Beneath Spring's budding trees ;
So would I bring into thy heart,
A fragrance, subtle, rich and rare,
That it would make thy pulses start,
And thou the blossom e'er would wear.

Fold me to thy breast,
I would not e'er depart,
When weary, I would rest,
Be near thy loving heart ;
And as the days shall flow
Like wavelets of the stream,
The future hours shall know
The fancies of my dream.

BIRDIE'S SONG.

IF you love me tell me so,
For the truth I fain would know,
If you love me tell me Sweet,
O'er and o'er the words repeat,
Fame may come, and power, and wealth,
Gifted we with bounding health,
But in earth and Heaven above,
Take all else, but give me love.

If you love me do not wait,
To make known when 'tis to late,
I would fain my roses hold,
Ere my hands and lips are cold,
Shielded close, with loving arms,
What care I for world's alarms,
Others may their riches prove,
Take all else, but leave me love.

VALENTINE.

CUPID hid in the Postman's sack one day,
And did most wonderful things,
He mixed up the hearts, the sighs, and the darts,
With boxes, and bright wedding rings,
There was Miss Morceau, who lived on the square,
Was courted by Clarence, so bland and fair;
He spoke of his love, undying for her,
A ring, or a ringlet, which would she prefer?
His love, he said, was mellow as wine,
And he gave her his hand for her valentine.

Miss Brown lived down in Sampson's sixth row,
And she was lovely to see,
And she, little body, was given a beau,
As loving, as young men can be;
He had no ring, or pocket of "chink,"
But a very good brain, to plan and to think,
He bought his sweetheart, a valentine grand,
All spattered and spangled with hearts,
And said, that Cupid had riddled him through,
With hundreds of quivering darts,
That for her sake, in love was now pining,
But would she accept, he'd stop his declining.

We never can tell just how it was done,
For Cupid, his secrets holds tight,
But Miss Morceau got the hearts and the darts,
While Miss Brown held the ring to the light;

He had rubbed off the name, with the top of his bow,
And just marked it "Brown," and where it should go,
So of course, she thought, it must be her own,
Though who could of sent it never was known:
Miss Morceau was mad as a lady could be,
When Clarence called there, refused him to see,
But justice was done for once it is true,
And Cupid just gave each maiden their due.

THE TEST.

TELL me the secret of love,
How shall I know of its test?
Tell me just how to try you dear,
When in my silent quest;
Will it be, that my heart beats fast?
Will it be, that my bosom thrills?
Will I catch cadence of tender words,
Like music of flowing rills?
Say if you know, how can I prove
And find out your secret of perfect love.

Tell me the secret of love Dear:
Is it by swift desire,
That leaps in your heart with magic heat,
And quickens to pure white fire?
But why should I ask, you say by their fruits,
Must all this testing be,
So when you wish a lesson to teach,
Just try the teaching on me.

TO JOHN PORTER,

Publisher of "Flowers of Thought."

AND now the "Book" is done, friend John,
And we now side by side,
Upon the sea, upon the land,
Will travel far and wide ;
You robed me in the sweetest dress
That ever could be given,
A Soul to wear when in the "press"
And not fly off to Heaven.

I fancy many an angel sweet
Has smoothed your tangled curls,
And from your head unto your feet,
Have sent some little "whirls ;"
But you have made the pages fair,
No hand can blot or mar,
And fragrance from the Flowers of Thought,
Shall float both near and far.

Yes, it is done, and our "debut"
Is now assured success,
Before the foot-lights here we are,
And all folks praise our "dress ;"
But when we reach some future hour,
And all the scene survey —
Then, we, friend John, will know far more
Of that we've done to-day.

November, 1896.

GREETING.

MARJORIE BOYNTON PIPER,

Born April 19th, 1897, at No. 47 Ocean street, Boston, Mass.

MARJORIE did we call you,
From the joyous sunny skies?
Could you see that you were wanted
With your clear and truthful eyes?
Did you wait until life's river
Turned unto a fertile stream,
Launching your wee bark forever,
Waking from your spirit dream?

Marjorie, will you tell us,
Who you were and what you are,
Did you come from some far planet,
Or step from some nearer star?
Were you queen, or were you fairy,
Or from heaven did you go,
Carrying love unto the weary,
Bringing cheerfulness for woe?

Marjorie, though we question,
Yet we care not who thou art,
You have found a loving welcome
To our home and in our hearts:
And as years shall come and gather
Pearls of love from out life's sea,
All we think, or wish, or dream of,
May be found, our Pearl, in thee.

TO MARY.

OF my pictures that hang in "Memory Hall"
There is one that is passing fair,
For it takes me back to girl-hood days,
When I felt no touch of care ;
Back to the cradle-side of one,
A black eyed beautiful boy,
Back to the side of a blue-eyed girl,
Your Mother's pride and joy.

You stand in the picture that I see,
A child of youth and grace,
A smile, at some of your girlish glee,
Beams over your Mother's face ;
"Mary, my child, what mischief now?"
Be off with your merry play,
And tend the babies while I work
There is plenty to do-today.

Her eyes are flashing like the stars,
Her cheeks put to blush the rose,
And the glossy waves of her beautiful hair
Her snow-white brow disclose ;
You bow with love to your mother-queen,
And speed at her swift command,
To grant each favor that she asks,
And work with brain and hand.

A change now comes ; my beautiful boy,
 Freddy, who smiled for me,
With Lily, whose eyes of sunny blue,
 Spoke of the waves of the sea ;
Sailed away in a white canoe,
 Far into the sunset skies,
Into the heart of the golden sun,
 Whose glory never dies.

But your Mother, in my memory days,
 The same as I used to know,
Bids me recall her good advice
 Spoken so long ago ;
You and I shall behold those three
 Where " God's Golden River " flows,
And so my dear, how true to me
 Is the picture I now disclose.

TO FLORENCE GOULD.

DEAR Floss, how long I cannot tell
Since you and I beyond the stars,
Spent days of joy and love ;
We dwelt where flowers never died,
We wandered hours side by side,
In those bright realms above.

I ne'er can tell you how my dear, nor why,
By mystic bond I felt thy spirit touch,
But still I know 'tis true,
And that thou on thy mission bent,
Came down again upon the earth,
A mighty work to do.

What matter Floss, if they of common clay,
See not the path of light,
They have not caught as we, its silver ray,
Or worn its jewels bright ;
And there will come to thee sweet child
A tender memory o'er thee stealing,

Which like the moan of sea or tint of shell,
Some past life seems revealing ;
Then binding up the mystic links
Into a chain of long forgotten past,
There will come flashes of the olden days,
Whereof two lives were cast.

I am not jesting Love, when thus I write,
And when my eyes are closed to light,
I'll watch afar thy radiant course
So loyal and so bright ;
The wreathes that fame shall weave for thee,
The love that from all hearts are given,
Will be but earth-bound links to chain,
Your loving heart to heaven.

So little Friend, keep thus my words,
And ponder them as days pass by,
Be true dear girl to what thou art,
And wealth and power shall gather nigh ;
And thou wilt sweeten weary lives,
And bring a boon to hearts now sore,
So gather jewels as thou onward strive,
And love shall crown thee more and more.

August, 1890.

TO M. Y. CADY.

NOTE.—Reflections on the " Harvest-Home " decorations, in First Congregational Church. Written in church, ———, 1897.

OH Yale! Thou hast the touch divine,
And what is done is wholly thine,
With Nature's lavish dower,
When thou, on blossoms, buds, and fruits,
On sheaves of golden grain,
On yield of field, and grounded roots,
Doth blend to bring you fame.

We cannot see the power of Art,
That with the passing years,
In which you took such active part,
To calm our cares and fears;
But in the glorious court on high,
Where all our gifts return,
May beauty woven on that sky
Be thine, which thou didst earn.

TO "PRINCE."

I SIT this night in December,
The rain drops fall on the roof,
And out of the Past with its dreaming so dear,
The spell of the Present with potency clear
Is weaving in colors, for woof.

And I think once again of Life's morning,
When Love rang its bells in my soul,
When swiftly sped on the soft dreamy hours,
And Memory held her hand full of flowers,
While she kept the master control.

Then the faces die, in the embers,
And the years drift slowly along,
And Love's sweet bells fall faint on the air,
But though concealed, the note is still there,
To break once again into song.

So I wait for the radiant morning,
To bring the new light to me,
What was mine in the days of my dreaming,
Now pregnant with far deeper meaning,
Will come in the bright yet to be.

TO MARIE.

IT is evening and the shadows,
O'er the night are thickly strown,
Kindred Spirits we in silence,
Sit, and dream, and claim our own ;
Naught care we for world or people,
Naught care we for wealth or fame,
In the Opulence of Nature,
All returns to us again.

On this earth lost glimpse of Eden,
Flashing quickly o'er the soul,
When once gained, to higher forces
Ever gives supreme control ;
So to us who gather hither,
Such a glimpse we each may find,
It will light our path with glory,
Where before our eyes were blind.

So we live this hour of blessing,
Food we have no man may know,
And in thus each soul possessing,
Do our spirits bolder grow ;
Future years will bring the harvest,
Of divinely planted seed,
So be lavish of your sowing,
That the hungry souls may feed.

TO LOUISE.

SOFTLY over your beautiful hills
Stealeth the light of day,
Tinting the trees, the grasses, the flowers,
With light, that's stolen from sunset hours :
Wiling the heart with its lessons so sweet,
That Nature her beauty to still complete,
Descend not alone to the grassy plain,
But over and over, again and again,
Hill and dale, hollow and glen,
Builds with witchery for haunts of men.

It is not strange that one like thou,
At nature's shrine should humbly bow,
Thou bearest within thy quiet face,
A peace that Angels of Heaven may trace,
And read on brow, on lip and eye,
That's born of the calm of thine own blue sky,
That mirrors the love within so true,
That your friends who gaze, may catch a view.

Friendship's jewels are sought with care,
Held in our hands, pressed to our heart,
And memories of those loving days
Do not swift from our dreamings part ;
So Louise, neither time or space,
Or life or death, or land or sea,
Can ever our true love efface
Or part your spirit sweet from me.

GREETING.

To the friends and patrons of "Flowers of Thought"—Greeting.

'TIS said, the seed that we sow
Though it be of good or of ill,
In silence and darkness must grow,
'Till the measure of life it will fill;
'Tis said, that "deeds and not creeds"
Are the truest tests that are given,
To comfort and fill up life's needs
This side the kingdom of Heaven.

This I believe, and do know;
And now at the close of the year,
The seeds of love that shall grow,
To those who have planted, appear;
And to those who in swift passing years,
Since the days of my childhood's dawn,
Have chased from my pathway the fears
And led me in courage along.

I give from the flowers of Hope,
A fragrance their pathway to strew,
That roses, and lillies of Peace
May scatter the bitter of Rue;
That on through the coming of days,
As they travel life's journey along,
May come in the various ways,
Sweet glimpses of laughter and song.

Oh ! life is so sacred, so sweet,
If each do the best that he can
His brother's heartaches to meet,
To look for the best that's in man ;
To list to the words that were given,
To " judge not " for we cannot know,
How Hell or Heaven is riven
And dwells in hearts here below.

'Tis better to speak a kind word,
'Tis better to clasp a cold hand,
Though your words may not bring to birth
To your sight the seed of the land ;
But we know not the measure of soil,
When words and deeds are once given,
'Tis ours " to dare and to do,"
The increase is given from Heaven.

And so at the close of the year,
The truest greetings I bring,
To friends so far, and so near,
Who love the songs that I sing :
Who have welcomed my " Flowers of Thought,"
Made a place in their heart and their home,
And into that presence, a part
Of life of the future, I come.

Some day, the voice will be still,
Some day, the eyes will not fall
On scenes of joy or of ill,
Life's curtains will close upon all ;

And then the words of the song
Will have a cadence most clear,
And then the right and the wrong,
In truest conception appear.

So, I wish to one and to all,
That life, with its beautiful days,
In sunshine and gladness may fall
And comfort, with Heaven's soft rays,
I have tried to voice thus my love,
And so in your presence appear,
And from Earth and Heaven above
I wish you "a Happy New Year."

Moline, Ill., Dec. 29, 1896.

TRANSPLANTED
BLOSSOMS.

When one has walked the pathway to the river,
Where mosses drink, and summer moonbeams quiver,
Then dipped his feet, where icy breath,
Floats o'er the land the world calls Death ;
When voices that have thrilled are heard no more,
When eyes can flash no answer from that shore,
Until Seven times the call has come to earth,
He gives the hand, because he knows the higher birth.

MY IDEAL.

WHEN I am gone, Oh ! do not think
Of me, as still and cold,
Remember me as I have walked
- Your streets, in days of old ;
If any deed that I have done,
Or any thought of mine,
Has brought a joy to any heart,
Just let that tribute shine.

When I am gone, bring no white flowers
To lay upon my bier,
With deathless blossoms, from the skies,
I shall be standing near ;
With many Loved, and gone before,
I shall my "farewell" take
Of that clay "Temple" where I wrought
My work for love's sweet sake.

When I am gone, forget my faults,
They are as clouds at eve,
I would not bring one faltering tear,
Or cause one heart to grieve ;
Some happy thought, some promise true,
Some sweetest blessing given,
These are the gifts to follow me
From earth-life into Heaven.

When I am gone, I think this true
 If some sad heart should call,
And say — “ I wish my friend were here ”
 That I should know it all ;
And like a kiss of perfect peace,
 I to that heart should prove,
There is no absence, and no death,
 There’s naught but God’s own love.

So this my Ideal, this my creed,
 It may to you seem strange,
But life from infancy through youth
 Is nothing but a change,
And from the clod unto the skies
 We each will take our way,
To live in memory of our loved
 Through all life’s future day.

OUR ROY.

A VACANT chair by the fireside,
 A vacant seat in the school,
Out from the heat, and strife of life,
 Into the shadows dim and cool ;
A face gone from the comrades,
 A clasp of a manly hand,
For Roy has closed his book of life
 And entered the better land.

Some travelers on life's pathway,
Toil long upon the road,
And laden with life's crosses,
Bear late their heavy load ;
But Roy stopped not to gather
The flowers that bloomed in Fall,
But out of the paths and hedges
He has stepped and left them all.

Not here again, Oh ! comrades,
Will he join in the merry game,
Not again in your classes,
Will you call the loved one's name,
The teacher's lessons are ended,
As far as earth can teach,
The soul has been promoted
To that we cannot reach.

Sleep, Roy, amid the daisies,
Our tears fall swift and fast,
But well we know 'tis better,
That pain and sin have passed.
This life is but the portal,
That leads to world's of light,
And thou a blest immortal,
Found what was hid from sight.

BABY HAROLD.

GONE from my sight like a flash,
I kissed him a moment ago,
And put back the hair from his forehead,
In the way that all mothers know ;
His sweet ringing voice I hear calling,
To " Mama " he fondly held dear,
And now my sad tears are falling,
My baby, my boy, is not here.

Gone — Ah ! the cold cruel river,
Claimed the bright little boy for its own,
Gone, without one little message,
To us in sweet baby tone ;
Gone, and our hearts are so broken,
We cannot see light through the dark,
Gone ! and left us no token,
Faded, that one tiny spark.

Time may soften our sorrow,
But mem'ry will often return,
And bring us no glad tomorrow,
With joys that quicken and burn ;
A little crib vacant for baby,
A chair where he sits in no more,
He's vanished and somewhere is waiting,
To hold open for us the gold door.

Le Claire, Iowa, May, 1900.

REMEMBRANCE.

I LOST a laddie, a beautiful boy,
Who wandered away from me ;
A light joy laughed in his hazel eyes,
He lifted them oft with a swift surprise
At some message of love and glee.

The heart of my laddie was brave and strong,
Though few were his earthly years,
He kept in his heart a sweet, sweet song,
That trilled on the air all the hours long —
He gave us more smiles than tears.

The speech of my laddie was quaint and soft,
He told of a world of love ;
He spoke of the steps that went to the skies,
Of children who climbed with beautiful eyes,
And I knew he was wanted above.

The feet of my laddie stopped one day,
I knew 'twas his time of rest ;
He went from my sight a beautiful flower
Who sweetened my life for many an hour,
And I said " my Father knows best."

TRIBUTE TO GRANDMA SAMUELS.

WHO was it that came?
Grandma heard the "call" and followed the
Guide o'er the sea,
Without one care of those she had left,
Who of her kind deeds would be thus bereft.
She rose from her chair, and soon she had passed
Through fair "gates of pearl" that opened at last,
Where in the bloom of life and of youth
Life's mission was blest with the fountain of truth.

Who was it that came?
No footfall was heard; no voice rang the call on the air.
Though years and years had traveled their way,
She dreamed not of joy, to come with the day,
When sitting and musing of days that were gone,
Of those whom she loved, long since passed on.
Now smiling they stood, and said, "Never fear!
Your work is all done, dear mother, we're here.
Into the glory of years that will come,
We've waited so long to welcome you home."

Who was it that came?
What matter? 'Tis best; she passed in the ripeness
of years,
With faith as pure and sweet as a child,
With eyes that were blue and tender and mild.

Grandma, goodbye, I am glad it is so.
You'll watch at the gate for my coming, I know.
And your dear soft hands I'll clasp just the same,
As I did when on earth to see you I came.
Heaven's joys all are thine ; Time has struck your last
 knell,
And with our deep love, we bid you farewell.

AUNTIE RODE.

REST, weary heart, the goal is won ;
 Rest, tired feet, the long day's done ;
Rest, tired eyes, look out no more ;
Rest, weary hands, thy work is o'er.

Into the land beyond the stars,
Into the land where no sin mars,
Into the land where angels roam,
Jesus at last has called you home.

Under the grass where the daisies bloom,
Under the skies where the bright stars come,
Under the trees where the birds sing praise
You will rest in peace, through endless days.

Auntie, farewell ; though the life has fled
We know thou art nigh, thou art not dead ;
But in the land of joyous birth
Thou hast found what thou did'st lose on earth.

REBECCA HIRSCH ROSENFELD.

FALLEN asleep, the life work done,
 Though short were the earthly years,
Fallen asleep, the pale lips dumb,
 Eyes free from their burden of tears ;
Hands are folded, feet are at rest,
 The mission of life is fulfilled,
We may not say it was wise, or best,
 Yet it was as the Spirit willed.

Fallen asleep ! to awake in Heaven
 Where partings are known no more,
Where dreams come home, that we sent out,
 With love to the other shore ;
Where flowers bloom, and music falls
 On the tender ears of love ;
She has passed the gates that open for all,
 And entered the life above.

Weep not for her, it is not well,
 Some day your eyes will see
The glories that her soul would tell,
 Could it speak, as of old, to thee.
Take up life's work, the day will come
 When to you will come the call,
And on the busy scenes of earth
 The shadows of death will fall.

TO CLARA HUNT.

REST, patient sleeper, life's mission is done,
The long weary waiting is o'er ;
The battle is fought, the victory won —
Thy spirit has winged its flight to the sun,
On earth we shall know thee no more.

Thy chair will be vacant, thy footfalls unheard,
The sound of thy voice not one tender word,
But we feel somewhere thy song will be sung
With the free clear notes of a bird.

Rest, Sister Clara — the bright pearly gates
Have swung inward to let you pass through ;
The past with sad memories have all gone by,
Thy pathway will ever in loveliness lie
As you for the absent ones wait.

Thou wilt not forget us, but take what is given
To earth's weary ones, the blessing of heaven ;
So while soft and low swings the funeral bell,
You'll sleep " 'neath the daisies," so, dearest, farewell.

ALICE DEERE CADY.

BACK to the days of girlhood years
 Again I seem to stand,
Away from sorrow, far from fears,
 One of the school-girl band ;
Happy and fearless, careless and free,
 Having our fun each day,
Again I see Allie Deere with me,
 As we pass along our way.

Allie, the pride of the girls and boys,
 With her flashing eyes of blue,
Who always knew just what to say,
 Allie, with heart so true,
Who ever brought the summer skies
 To those who would brood and fret,
She'd laughing say, " Now boys, be good ;
 You'll see your bright days yet."

There comes a change, she's older grown,
 And into her deeper life,
With passing days of time, have come
 The duties of mother and wife ;
Still the same true girl-hood love,
 Ever comes in its worth to all,
Gracious and tender, anxious to prove
 And answer each loved one's call.

Days of sickness came with pain ;
But ne'er can they reach her more,
We call, she answers not again :
She has passed to the Golden Shore.
Still she stands in the same old way,
Smiles so sweet and laughing eyes,
As she stood with me in our girl-hood day,
And seems to speak from the starry skies.

I wonder dear, just how it came
That you met the loved and true,
What mother thought,—What father said,—
What loved ones breathed to you ?
Whatever it was, I know it is best,
So Allie, I wait 'till the call shall come,
When my body shall be laid to rest,
And our souls shall meet in our Heavenly home.

TRIBUTE TO MERTON YALE CADY.

“Our Yale” has been translated; has arisen to the heights, beyond which no man can see. No need of monument of stone for him; our hearts enfold him with most tender memories.

No need of eulogies or long peroration of eloquence to bring to mind his virtues and kindnesses; he lived them. They breathed through him, with every breath of his artistic life, and obeyed his magic bidding. Though men knew it not, M. Y. Cady lived and acted in an environment far above the minds of the people about him; they could not grasp his scope of thought.

Whatever he put his hand upon to create, be it for the individual, the church or the community at large, success always crowned his efforts, and bringing his ideal into the seal, always bespoke the great genius within him.

Nothing, even in a minute way, escaped his observation, and he ever served in his unique way, the best intents of the people from being one of the many “helpers” at a picnic of the “Deere firm” to the highest call that could be made upon him—with his time and talent he answered each call in the same willing and gentlemanly manner. Later in his life, his devotion to family ties with its burdens of sickness has been one that has seldom been witnessed. And now that the loved one has preceded him, and our sympathies are with the children, such that to our finite understanding the removal of so grand a nature from our midst seems a great loss to us, who were always so sure of his welcome efforts. Yet I am glad the fullness that comes to all and crowns with its peerless reward, has come to him.

Others may say their words of tenderness, I recognize no companion spirit in Moline, towards whom my soul turned,

as it did in its loyalty, to what I saw in the beautiful spirit who dwelt among us and was known in his personality as Merton Yale Cady.

So I gladly lay my bunch of blossoms on the altar raised to his memory and say :

AS an eagle, in its onward flight,
Sails high, the Heaven's blue
And looks down from his aerial height
To lower worlds in view;
So out of life, this spirit grand
Has stepped with all its powers,
And left to us in our earth land
The memory of past hours.

Rest, brother, rest, thy deeds will speak
From lips and hands of thine.
It matters not what we may seek
In any land and clime,
Whate'er his life, in acts, not words
Unto the world is given,
Upon the marble of the years
'Tis carved and mounts to Heaven.

AUNT RACHEL.

The harp is silent. Across its living springs the Master hand of the Spirit within, has swept the strings free from the last chords of human music; and worthless, unused, it is now but a memory of what has been, and a reminder of what we each shall be.

Twine around roses of fragrance and beauty, symbols of the deeds of life, in the quiet sleeper; bring strong heart throbs and eloquent speech of lip, to tell how the lives of the many were strengthened and glorified by the presence and strong personality of her who, freed from the limited environment of the flesh, born now into the royalty of beauty of the spirit Person, stands in full possession of every faculty that makes up the true image, which "in the beginning was created God's very own."

Many of us do not linger at this wayside station, as did she. Some come with the roses, and go home again ere the frost paints their leaves; some linger and gather the fruits of manhood, or womanhood's high aspirations and lofty ideals, to bear back into the silent land; but to her has been allotted time to gather many sheaves of garnered richness and beauty; to voice many strains of sweet melodies from the now silent harp strings.

So let her sleep to us; she is alive to those who went before, and the brightness of many eyes and the sweetness of many voices has been gladdened by her coming. "Mother is coming" has been told by the children who await her. "Our daughter is coming," by father and mother. "Our sister has fulfilled her mission of earth life," by those who knelt at the same parental knee with herself, and grew into the fondness of the family associations.

Oh, if earth-blinded ones, when the bitter tears fall, when darkness like a pall settles and seems to cover all this life, could get one flash-light glimpse of the Eternal City, into which our sister has entered, how would they fall prostrate on their faces, and breathe this prayer, "Our Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast brought our beloved to this place of royal beauty; may we be worthy to enter into her glory when Thou dost call." So we, in the presence of this mighty majesty, tread with reverent footsteps and quiet voices. The sleeper will not awaken; the dweller of the temple has gone out, the harp of life is silent. So let it be; and may we realize in a life well lived, the meaning of the poet's words, "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

SLEEP, Mother, thy mission is ended,
Thy pale hands we fold on thy breast.
Oft they fashioned bright glimpses of beauty,
We yield them to silence and rest;
The eyes which so loving and tender
Smiled into our own, day by day,
In beauty of power and splendor
Catch the sunlight of God's endless day.
Rest, Mother—the Angel of Silence
Will show you our sighs and our tears,
But to you they are ended forever—
No pain, no sorrow, or fears,
To Jesus, who claimed your heart's message,
Your cross of life is laid down,
And going through Death's silent passage
His hand has granted the crown.

SAW HER IN DEATH.

“Mrs. Abbie W. Gould received a strange inspiration, while seated at the breakfast table on the morning of January 31st. At that time the late Mrs. Lester was ill, and before Mrs. Gould she appeared cold in death, while the appended poem framed itself in Mrs. Gould’s mind, and she immediately rose from the table and inscribed it. Mrs. Lester passed away four days later.”

COUSIN HATTIE.

A CALL—No living presence,
A summons—No one seen,
A flash of light—a cloud of dark,
And day comes not between;
A passing from the sunlight,
The frosty winter air
Into the warmth of summer,
Where love and light are fair.

Oh! earth, why do thy crosses,
Bear heavy on the road,
And mortals, though they seek not
Must bear their weary load?
To young, and old, and stalwart,
As their journey they pursue
Comes a message oft unheeded,
“Keep the changing worlds in view.”

Our Cousin Hattie knew not,
The "Watcher" at the door,
But filled life's every duty,
As she had done before ;
Now with her pale hands folded
Across her peaceful breast,
She has reached the "Golden City,"
She has solved the Spirit's quest.

And just beyond earth's portal,
Where mortals do not see,
There lies that radiant Eden,
Where countless glories be ;
Its people live beside us,
Its songs e'er breathe of love,
To this from her clay temple
She rose to joys above.

WILLARD CLAYTON.

Without thought, without warning, eager for his papers, the bright little boy pushed his way to the train. Looking not behind ; the roar of wheels, the hiss of steam, the clanging bells are the same as ever and he sees no enemy on his track.

One instant, and he is struck by another train, crushed and mangled, lying on the tracks. Friends are near who see ; help is sent for. He asks for a drink of water. He says to them, "Do not tell Grandma," and then the ambulance bears him away, and later, the bounding pulse grew slow, the

throbbing heart had stilled, and the brave little spirit of the boy had escaped from its broken temple.

"Watch, for ye know not," is borne in upon us in full force, when thus we are face to face with the tragedies of life. No one is expecting; life's prospects seem the same, when, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, the crash comes, and the scene changes.

To Willard, with his brave, dutiful life, his pleasant ways, his work done, even so soon in life, we say, "It is well with the child." To those who are left to bear this crushing blow, we say, "The sunlight on the eternal hills is only a short pathway in advance, and Willard will be the first to meet you. You have his memory, his love, and his last words, 'Don't tell grandma.'"

"DON'T tell Grandma," do not, I pray,
I just have left her side
To get my papers from the train,
To send them far and wide,
She cannot bear to see me here
Crushed and mangled so,
And so this is the reason why
I would not have her know.

He sleeps! His boyhood days are o'er,
His spirit has arisen
To meet his Father in that land
Away from earth's clay prison;
We bow beneath the chastening rod,
The light we do not see,
Yet Lord, we turn in hope above
And put our trust in Thee.

MICHAEL HARTZELL.

THE “golden bowl” is now broken,
The “wheel at the cistern” is still,
Out of earth’s night, into the light,
The freed spirit roams at its will.
The long weary journey is ended,
The emblems of life laid aside ;
Finished at last, the work of the past
He dwells where angels abide.

The long weary waiting is over,
And we only can wish him good will ;
When one enters rest in land of the blest
Our lives can follow him still.
The mile-stones so many he’d traveled,
And often were welcomed with cheer ;
It was now given, in fair courts of heaven
To welcome his eighty-ninth year.

One more “Old Settler” has followed,
To greet the loved band gone ahead ;
And though our eyes peer not through the skies,
We know that he lives, is not dead ;
That hands have clasped his in greeting,
That eyes have looked into his own,
The angel of death, with his icy breath
Gave again each sweet welcome tone.

She, who has kept on life's journey,
So faithfully, close to his side,
With the children now here, to him ever dear,
As he shall in future abide ;
Where sorrow comes no more to trouble,
And partings are nevermore known,
Will miss Father's face, in every home place,
And yet his spirit's not flown.

The ear of the earth cannot listen
To the words the spirit may speak,
And yet ever near, the dear ones can hear,
And comfort one's heart, when we seek.
And so, " Uncle Michael " in freedom,
Has quaffed from the fountain of truth,
Never more old, like purified gold,
He dwelleth in eternal youth.

His body shall sleep neath the daisies,
As the grasses shall wave in the breeze,
The sunshine shall fall, in love over all,
And play in the shadow of leaves ;
But the memory of years that are vanished,
With duties of life nobly won,
Will gladden each heart, as from him we part,
And hear, " Faithful servant, well done ! "

LAURA SUNDERLAND NOURSE.

SHE has arisen ;
From out of her temple of clay,
Her earthly prison,
She is free, and away.

She has arisen ;
And with the loved gone before,
In fields elysian,
She wanders with them evermore.

She has arisen ;
And stands in our midst, I believe,
With smiling vision,
Each loving friend to receive.

She has arisen,
And though we shall miss her dear face,
Yet with heart's riven,
We yield her the same old place.

She has arisen ;
Oh Laura ! could you but speak,
What is the mission
Your lips would bid us to seek ?

What is the secret,
Your lips guard so deep,
As in your casket
You lie there asleep ?

Thou dost not answer,
Yet we know thou can'st tell,
We too shall be silent,
When under death's spell.

She has arisen ;
Her body, the daisies may keep,
And in sweet music,
The grasses may sweep.

We say farewell ;
Our loved, our sister, our friend,
When swings Time's bell
We'll meet where love cannot end.

LITTLE ARCHIE.

ARCHIE has strayed through the Gates of Light,
Left behind his sickness and pain ;
Gone to the land where cometh no night ;
Gone forever with Jesus to reign.

Left behind his books and his toys ;
Left the loved ones here all alone.
Found above more heavenly joys
Like a white dove, his spirit has flown.

Archie is free, and still in his love,
Linger in spirit near those who thus grieve.
Archie is life, and down from above,
Sweet, tender thoughts of life will he weave.

No more his footsteps will come at the door ;
No more his laughter falls on the ear ;
But Archie in spirit, will dwell evermore,
And often in presence seems to be near.

Weep not for Archie, he is at rest ;
Found the mystery which comes to all.
Weep not for Archie, God knoweth best ;
Ever he heeds " the sparrows who fall."

Where silver waters sparkle so free ;
Where the flowers never can die,
Archie has floated over life's sea,
Found a home in God's boundless sky.

Le Claire, Iowa.

THOMAS MERRYMAN.

THE old soldier sleeps,
His work is all done,
He has "fifed" for us his last tune,
Stalwart and strong, the race he has run,
Followed "in line" of bugle and gun,
His call to "Advance" came so soon.

The old soldier sleeps,
His comrades of years,
Who side by side walked the way,
When called to the post of duty at home
Who guarded the flag from evils to come,
Will miss him most sadly to-day.

The old soldier sleeps,
Let the flag that he loves
Drape his body so noble and grand ;
Let the echo of songs he breathed on the air
Still linger in memory, tender and sure
As we pass on our way, through the land.

The old soldier sleeps,
The battle is fought,
The smoke of the fray rolled away ;
The emblem of war in silence laid down
He has laid by the cross, has caught up the crown,
He has entered God's glorious day.

The old soldier sleeps,
God save his true soul,
We shall miss his kind greeting, we know.
But many he loves wanted him there,
Where the birds ever sing, the flowers are fair,
We leave him where pure waters flow.

PAUL TYNER'S ANGEL.

ONLY a bud, just dropped from the skies,
With a promise of blossoming June,
With a kiss of love in his beaming eyes,
Which faded away so soon ;
With tiny hands that held so strong
Each tendril of our heart,
That when they slowly loosed their grasp
It tore our souls apart.

Only a spirit sent from above,
Who had waited for years to come,
To gather again the " Karma of Love,"
Then pass again to his home ;
Beams of the Sun, light of the star,
Still our own to enjoy,
This came and went from the world afar,
Our Angel, our beautiful boy.

TRIBUTE TO JAMES G. CLARK.

(Poet and Singer.)

A STAR was lost in the blue above,
A child was born to earth,
And its mission of Truth
Of the "Fount of Youth,"
Was fed by the springs of love,
For the angel-world, had its lessons grand
They marked and placed in the young child's hand.

The hours sped on, the days flew by,
And the "voices" of earth and air,
Sometimes soft and still,
Sometimes loud and shrill,
Were caught by the brain so fair;
And with beating heart, and with flashing eye
Were given out to the passers by.

He sung the wrongs of the poor, oppressed,
And the fires of God burned in his breast,
As on vice and wealth,
On injustice and self,
He showed the demon Unrest,
And little feared he of Priest or Power
As his words moved men, in each passing hour.

Aye, e'en as the "Master" who bade him come,
Had walked with bleeding feet,

So in the thorn path,
Fearing no wrath
He sung in palace and home.
Now the harp strings broken lie
And the star returned to its place on high.

O! Singer grand, in the coming years,
You will see what you wrought for earth:
And pearls for tears
And love for fears,
Are thine, with thy spirit-birth!
And we who stay grant the Victor's crown
For a life so true, which is now laid down.

California, 1897.

CHARLES H. MARCY.

Composer and Musician found dead.

WHO called? Was it God or an Angel?
I cannot resist that plea !
What! out from this earth, with its crosses,
Its gains, its pleasures, its losses,
To cross to the land where flowers
And music, breathe through the hours?
I know it were well, but I leave all alone,
The dearest Friend, my life has e'er known.

Who called? Yes, Father, I hear you.
You say there is work for me there?

That pupils are waiting for tones more sweet
Than I can teach, in your blest retreat?
That cords sublime, which are here unknown,
Are given to me, in Love's undertone?
That hours of bliss shall be my own?
But—I leave my dearest Mother alone.

Who called? What rhythm of voices.
O! Angels of higher birth,
Why do you charm with your presence
And call me away from earth?
I know that "mansions of splendor"
Await me, over life's sea,
And what true love can render,
Will be given some day to me;
But of this world most fond have I grown,
How can I leave that One all alone?

I yield!—I will come—but remember,
The strains I have sung here below,
From the dawn of May till November,
Must be sung by the loved ones I know:
That the tones which came in the silence,
Made the heart so happy and gay,
Will be touched, and as I thus listen,
They'll know I'm not far away:
Then the sweetest truth of life to be known
I shall hear her say: "I am not alone."

HAZEL.

HAVE you seen our little Fairy?
Her eyes are deepest blue,
Her voice was like the bird's song,
And rang the whole day through;
She was standing in the sunshine
By the door—not long ago—
But she's vanished—and it may be,
She knew not we loved her so.

Did you see her, our wee Lassie?
She must surely lost her way,
She was counting up the roses
Of five years, the other day;
There was merry childish laughter,
And sober quaint replies,
And we caught the merry twinkle,
In our "girlie's" sunny eyes.

We have surely lost our Hazel,
For we see her here no more;
I wonder if some Fairy Queen
Has beckoned through the door?
There's a shadow on the threshold,
There's a memory ever dear,
But our darling little Hazel,
Never more will greet us here.

NELLIE KADEL.

OUT of Life's mystery,
Out of Earth's history,
Passed in the spring-time of youth,
Hands filled with flowers,
Of Life's rosy hours,
On to the "Temple of Truth."

Out of Life's crosses,
Its gain and losses,
Whatever they mean to the soul,
She cannot know them,
Earth no more show them
She lives where God holds control.

We here are weeping,
O'er Nellie sleeping,
And cannot say it is best,
But pain we borrow,
In Earth's tomorrow,
Nor dream of the "Silence of Rest."

Into the beauty,
Of each fulfilled duty,
Let us see her an Angel of Light,
Still her friends knowing,
And her love showing,
From mansions, eternal bright.

Lay her where sweetness,
Of beauty's completeness,
Shall mingle with birds, and with flowers,
Time shall chase sadness,
And bring with gladness,
Sunshine to now saddened hours.

TO THE COMRADES OF STATION TWELVE,
SOUTH BOSTON.

GEORGE ALBERT WALKER.

HIS service is over, your Captain is gone,
His "routes" are all ended, he rests now at home ;
To comrades left no order he brings,
And "over the wires" no watch-word springs ;
Silent the footsteps, you loved so to greet,
As you heard each day the sound of his feet,
Silent the voice, to you once so dear,
And your heart beat swift, at each falling tear.

As Knight of a service, so grand and true,
Take what his life bespeaks thus for you,
Ponder each trait, as you "on your beat"
Follow the path in crimes dark retreat ;
Listen ! Perchance you shall hear his command,
Spoken, it may be, from out that far land,
"Stand for the right, whatever the cost,
Deeds done for duty, can never be lost."

Comrades and Brothers, I give you my hand,
And share your loss in the far western land ;
I see in the picture I view of the past,
The " Station " he loved and served to the last ;
And while the ocean shall break on the shore,
And his face, you and I, will greet there no more,
Yet fragrance of Love's true blossoms will bring,
With flowers of earth, that come with the Spring.

Farewell to our Chief — Farewell to our Friend,
He has solved, what each soul shall solve at the end,
And into the mystery silent and deep,
His body is laid with the daisies to sleep ;
But, " He has arisen " to far higher birth,
That awaits our slow pilgrimage here upon earth,
And could he but speak, it would be his command,
" Follow my beat, boys, and come to this land."

DICKIE.

OVER the hills where the purple glow,
Sets on a sea of gold,
Over the hills where the flowers blow,
And the people never grow old ;
A little Sister rests by the sea,
Sits and sings, and watches for me,
“ Dickie,” you know, went to that Land,
To greet in Heaven the children band.

“ Dickie,” the pride of heart and home,
Passed like a dream away,
And yet, our thoughts ne’er drift apart,
From scenes of yesterday ;
She comes to me, in my nightly dreams,
I walk with her by purling streams,
And when I awake to the light of day,
I cannot think she is far away.

Oh ! to know of the true and real,
To make Life’s pathway glad,
Oh ! to grasp the grand Ideal,
And never more grow sad ;
I know ’tis true, I yet shall stand,
With “ Dickie ” in that “ Morning Land,”
So I accept what comes to me,
From little Sister there by the sea.

EVA'S MESSAGE.

A LILY grew on the river's bank,
On a slender, graceful stem,
The weeds around grew thick and dank,
And dipped to the river's brim,
But the flower heeded not their place,
But onward grew with modest grace,
Until its crest with crown of pearl,
Did upward to the sky unfurl.

Open the petals came to the breeze,
And the perfume rich and rare,
Went out as a gift to the forest trees,
And the birds that gathered there ;
And then, as if with sweet intent,
Its leaves dropped one by one,
Its flower mission sweet was spent,
Its work on earth was done.

Dear Papa, can you read the text,
My symbol does enfold ?
Can you believe that Eva speaks,
From out the home of gold ?
Then Oh ! Close not your heart to love,
Throw every portal wide,
If you would bring your fleeting dove,
And keep her by your side.

I cannot come and nestle there,
Without you give me place.
I kiss your brow and touch your hair
And sit in the dear old place,
Could you see with spirit eyes so clear,
You would clasp me close once more,
But Papa true your Eva dear,
Comes back from the other shore.

Eva Cowan, 1896.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE.

SOFT through the trees the breezes are sighing,
Over the graves of the dead,
Clay of the Spirit, silently lying,
From which the soul-life has fled;
Noiseless to us are the songs of the warblers,
Heedless to us are the beams of the Sun,
Only the wastings never more needed
Were left, when the life race was won.

Mother, you come to my grave, and you wonder,
If I am where you can see,
Little you know I walk on beside you,
As living, as life can e'er be;
That I talk in my low spirit voice, and oft tell you,
I lie not in grave dark and cold,
But out in the world of glory and sunshine,
I walk, as in days that are old.

Never we die, only change ; says the Spirit,
I am in bright realms of light,
Which shall be yours some day to inherit,
When you have finished earth's night ;
Never to worry over each daily trouble,
Never to fear the sadness or pain,
No one can tell you, Mother, how blessed
To come back to home land again.

So remember, I come just where you are staying.
And sometimes, perhaps, you can see,
My self and the Loved, who often are praying
For blessings to come unto thee ;
Be careful for nothing for all is at rest,
You will leave life's shadows below,
With sheaves which you have garnered on earth.
And learn the truth that we know.

Le Claire, Iowa.

GEORGE RAMBO.

I HEARD a footstep at the door,
And looking up a Shadow saw,
In sable garments draped — It swiftly
Passed me by, pressed to the couch,
Where on my son did lie.

Breathless I watched — I heard no voice,
But looking up, the Shadow bent
And breathed upon the form ;
The sleeper gently stirred, and smiled
As peaceful as a little child.

Silent the Shadow stood — I could not speak,
While slower, fainter, came the breath,
Then to my soul the terror came,
With anguish which I could not name,
This must be Death.

Thus George, our son, went forth,
The Shadow went before
And pointed out the way, -
And left the form upon the bed,
Just common clay.

We will not mourn,
He sleeps alone in sweetest peace,
Where fragrant flowers bloom ;
The Shadow brought him sweet release,
And through the Gates of Silence led our boy home.

OUR MAMIE.

AN angel sped from the courts above,
On a mission of love and gladness,
But when it entered the home of earth
It was turned to tears and sadness ;
They saw not the seal of the court of the King,
They heard not the brush of the angel's wing
Who stooped in the might of his glorious power
And bore away the little Mayflower.

Oh, Earth ! how dark in your shortened sight,
You cannot catch one gleam of light
That glancing down from each silver star,
Brings shining joy from the realms afar,
And when the Father sends to earth
For the blossoms that were only lent ;
They turn away and bid depart
The angel whom the Father sent.

Little Mayflower dwells above —
Song in her voice, love in her eyes,
Little Mayflower knows no pain —
Laughs with the birds in the sweet, blue skies ;
Lay her body under the flowers ;
She is not there, so do not weep ;
Only make glad the passing hours ;
And little Mayflower's love ever keep.

Le Claire, Iowa.

MARY F. BARNES.

WHO called? I think I hear voices,
There is somebody here in my room,
I hear the music of Angels,
I see a sweet face through the gloom.
You say you have come for your Mary,
That the way has been hard here below?
This must be a dream, and it's walking
Will bring the same sorrows, I know.

Who called? — so many stand waiting —
What is it you say, I'm to go?
But how can I leave the dear children
To the sad and weary waiting below?
I'll not be away — so you tell me;
Ah! yes — but how can they know?
I've dwelt so long 'mid the shadows,
I'm sure I'd love now to go.

Who called? My eyes are so heavy,
I see your dear faces more clear;
Ah! I catch a glimpse of the White City —
It seems to be coming so near —
It draws me with memories so tender;
It speaks of the sweet rest of home,
Well, well, good-bye to the old life:
With joyous blessing I come.

They found her asleep no more to awake
To the light of the life below.
They found her asleep, for Love's sweet sake.
No sorrow or pain to know.
She had lived her life, the tale was told,
There were no more words to say ;
She had done the best, in the days of old —
And had passed in her dream away.

She will keep our love as the years shall go,
The hearts and hands are her own,
And oft in memory's light will glow
The scenes we each have known.
We bid farewell to the silent form,
It passes again to the flowers,
But we her spirit bright will keep
Thro' all the coming hours.

CAROLINE.

THE summer sun shines, the soft breezes blow,
The leaves rustle soft on the trees,
The insects hum in the grasses so low,
Not a bright thing in nature now grieves :
The blue sky sends its soft message down
As it has every day in the past,
And yet in one home a dream of the dawn
With shadows of sorrow o'er cast.

A bright spirit heard the call to "come home,"
And faded so slow day by day,
And watched so gently by night and by morn,
To see her thus pass away ;
The mother heart bled, the wound was so sore,
How could this loved tie be riven ?
In Caroline's eyes she'd be mirrored no more ;
No more, loving words would be given.

But earth has its lessons, our home is not here,
But away in that bright world of light,
She arose in the glory of that higher sphere,
And from earth her spirit took flight ;
Her comrades who in the classes of earth
Had loved this spirit so brave,
With soft, gentle hands, moved on with the dead,
To lay the bright form in the grave.

The " King's Daughters' " songs by angels were heard,
And home to the bright courts above,
Where never a grief in the heart could be stirred,
But all its breathings were love ;
Then mourn not for her, she has entered her rest,
No more of sorrow or pain,
She has solved the mission of each spirit's quest
Forever in glory to reign.

The daisies will wave in the soft sweeping grass,
The stars shed down silver light,
And o'er the low mound the soft clouds will pass,
And moonbeams will fall in the night,
Look not for her there, that is but clay ;
Turn your thoughts to God's temple of love,
There she has gone to linger alway,
With the loved and lost, up above.

OUR ROBBIE.

SOMEWHERE, between the sunshine and the
 shadows,

There is a spot where golden memories linger,

 Some call it Home,

We start toward it, from out our earthly portal,

Sometimes we climb the heights immortal,

 No more to roam.

When but the springtime blossoms kiss our feet,

We have not reached the trysting place where rivers
 meet.

It matters not how bright may seem the shining,

Our clouds are dark, there is no silver lining

 Or angel wings ;

Out from our sight has passed our heart's love treasure,

And for the silent heart and hands no love can measure,

 And no bird sings ;

And though the loved might whisper in our ear,

Our hearts are faint, we cannot know him near.

But I have known the path that leads down to the river,

And though its icy waves with many a shiver

 Washed o'er my feet,

I knew the Master loved the children given,
And only called them back to Him in Heaven.

His love to greet,

And so, dear stricken ones, I say to thee

Thou art in prisons, bound,

Thy Robbie's free.

And by those pearly gates, told oft in story,

Where jewels of the Lord shine with unfading glory,

He waits thee there ;

No fevered breath, no suffering and no sighing,

No moans, or tears, no agony of dying,

No sin or care ;

And days will come, when to your hearts comes rest,

And you will say with joy, " Our Lord knew best."

GEORGE ANDERSON.

ALL over : the curtain has fallen,
The actor has played his last role ;
To the seeming, his mission and calling
And power, no more can control ;
To the faces he loved and could welcome
As the hours of life passed along,
He has gone from their visible presence
To join the invisible throng.

All over, as far as the hand-clasp
Was felt and clasped in return ;
All over as far as love's vision,
In hearts that are rent, can discern ;
No glance of the eyes can be given,
No word, no token of love :
He has found what's sought here, in heaven,
And is welcomed by angels above.

But deep in the hearts of his fellows
Are dropped kind seeds in love's soil ;
They will bring sweet blossoms and fruitage —
Will reward all labor and toil.
For again will the words he has spoken
Give joy for the deeds each has done,
And welded in ties ne'er broken,
Prove Brotherhood bright as the sun.

But George, our friend and our brother,
Yon have gone just ahead, thro' God's gate,
Where all is sweet joy and fair weather ;
Thou hast found thy royal estate :
Every yearning of love was found waiting ;
The health that the earth days denied
With heaven's true essences mating
For all coming years is supplied.

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